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THE NEW YORKER

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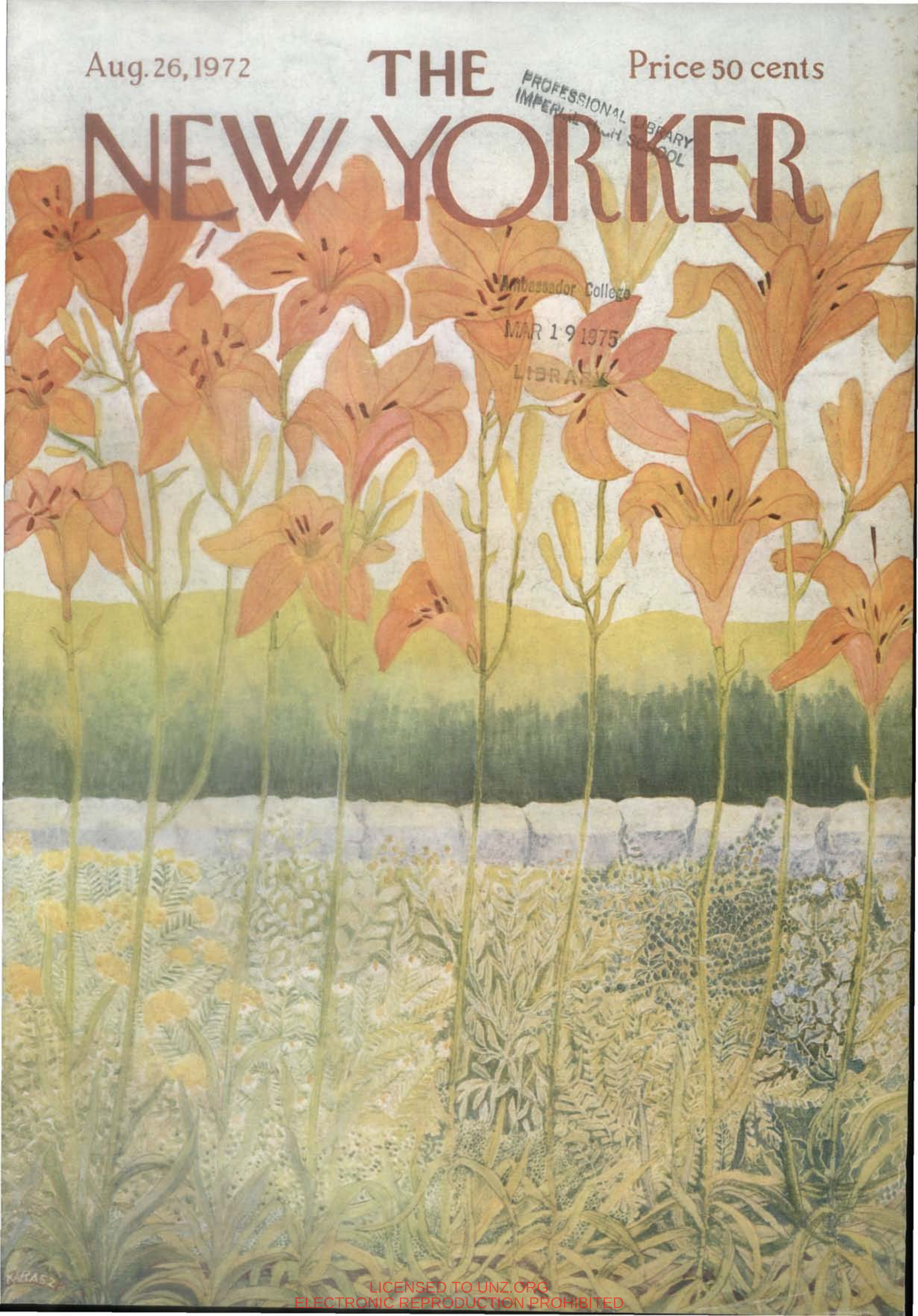

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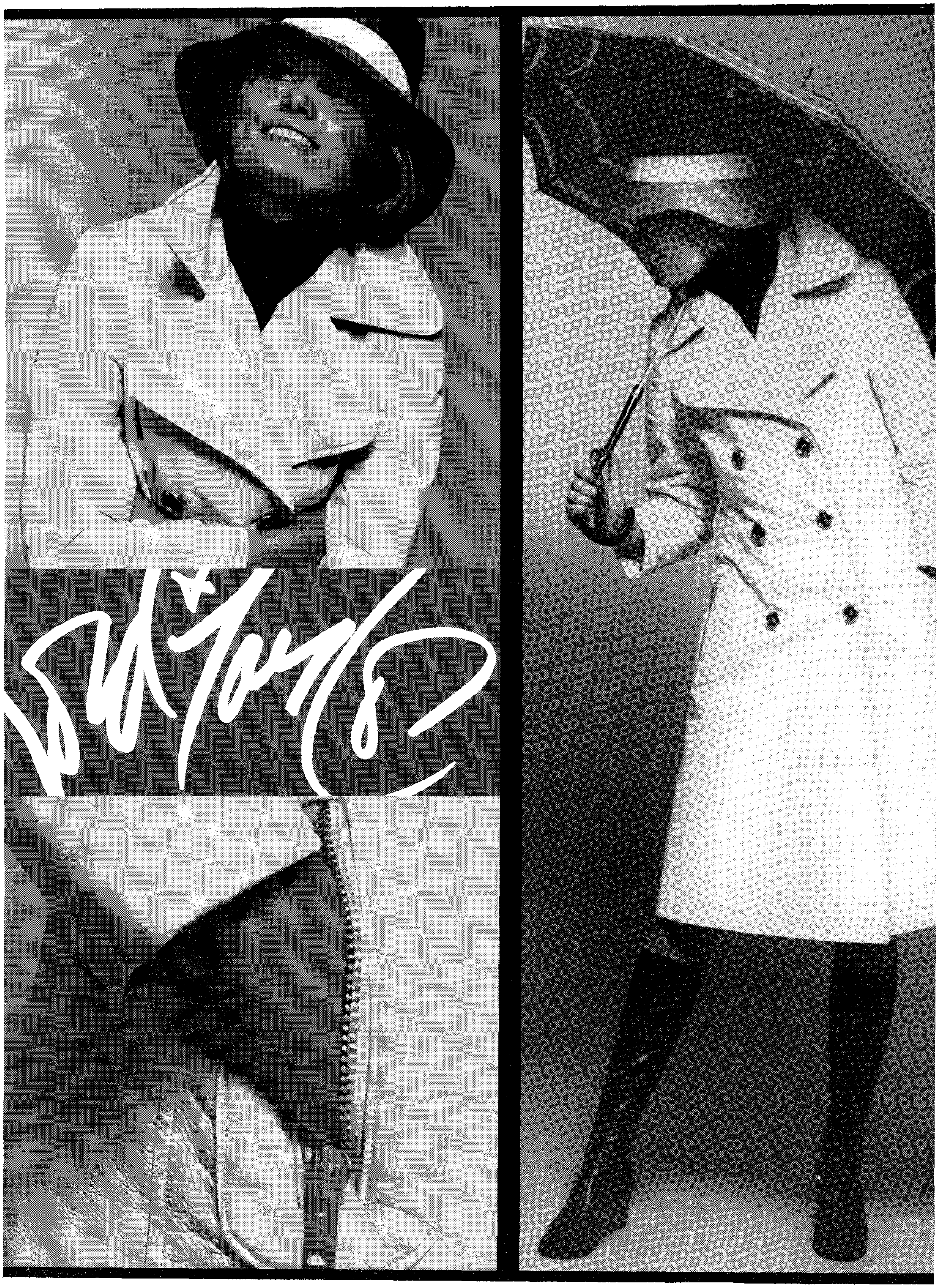

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aesop's Fables—A rock opera with a score by William Russo and a text by Jon Swan, and done by the Performing Ensemble of the Chicago Free Theatre. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 7, 10, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A musical, old-fashioned in form and content, in which Melvin Van Peebles sketches the horseplay of a Saturday-night party in Harlem. Full of rousing songs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there is a superior performance by William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sometimes a Hard Head Makes a Soft Behind—An all-black play by J. E. Gaines. The setting is Harlem. There is one strong scene in which the dramatist himself appears as a deadly calm, menacing pusher, but the other scenes, for all the authenticity of their details, are not very strong. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,126 performances so far. (*Sullivan Street Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over,

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DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, Robert Weber, George Price, Joseph Mirachi, Robert Censoni, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Robert Day, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, Everett Opie, Charles Addams, William Hamilton, Syd Hoff, Henry Martin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

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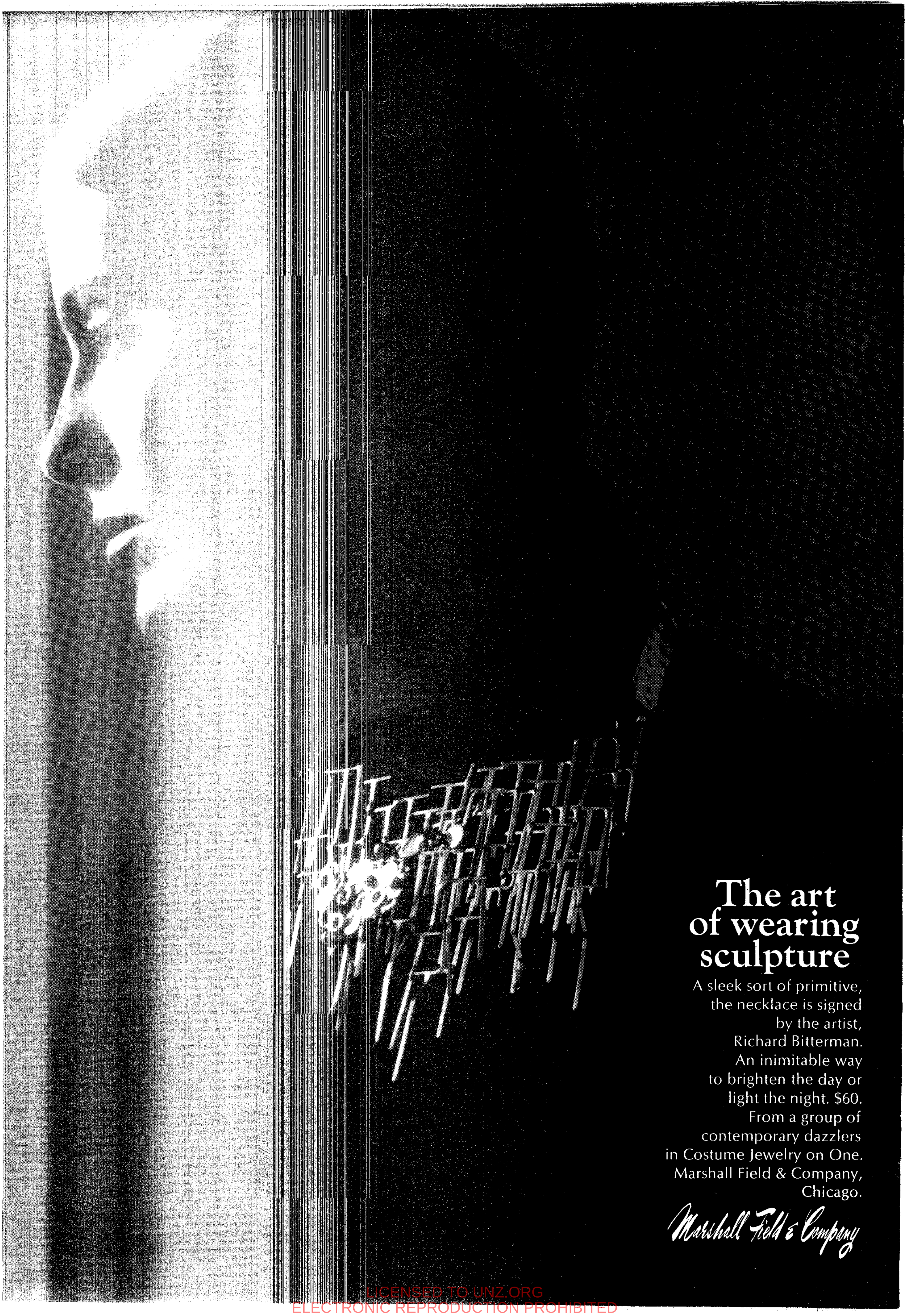
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVIII, No. 27, August 26, 1972. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1972 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Art Carney and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine and twelve-thirty every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Jim Dawson will remain, along with a group known as Jubal, through Monday, Aug. 28. David Blue, a singer and songwriter, and Jackson Browne, a songwriter recently turned recording artist, will both arrive Wednesday, Aug. 30. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Wednesday, Aug. 23, guitarist Joe Beck will direct a duo. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 24-27, pianist Cedar Walton will head a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday, Aug. 26, Chuck Fowler will be on piano and Duke Cleamons on bass. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson and bassist Jimmy Garrison take over Tuesday, Aug. 29. On Mondays, Patti Wicks is at the piano while Perry Lind handles a bass. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a soul-food menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Aug. 23-26 and Aug. 30-Sept. 2, drummer Al Foster will lead a trio. Ten until closing.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams commands the Steinway, accompanied by a bassist, from eight until one Monday through Saturday. On Sundays, Dick Katz, piano, and Lyn Christie, bass, do the job. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a rather mixed bag of entertainers. Guitarist David Spinozza and singer-composer Irwin Finger will be around through Saturday, Aug. 26. Sound from nine.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. An outfit called New Day performs through Sunday, Aug. 27. On Mondays, a twenty-nine-piece band named Brownie's Revenge takes the stand.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this new spot and—holy moley!—it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Al Hanlon and Sal Salvador are playing twin instruments at the moment. Trading sets with them is an admirable classical guitarist named Bill Matthews. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty to two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate will be in charge of a quartet in this lower West Side jazz haven through Sunday, Aug. 27. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. The cast has changed, though, the present musicians being Bobby Pratt, Lou Metcalf, Claude Hopkins, Pete Clarke, and Freddie Moore. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Through Sunday, Aug. 27, Tom Rapp's Pearls Before Swine will be onstage. A five-man group called New York Dolls opens Wednesday, Aug. 30. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters, after which (from midnight to two) people may dance to records. Drinks and snacks.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, *when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen* leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, between eight and two, Barbara Carroll treats the guests to her full-blown jazz-piano technique. A bassist assists her. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Mel Dancy plays piano and sings in a jazz-oriented way Tuesday through Thursday from eight to midnight and Friday and Saturday from nine to one. Skip Crumby-Bey is his bassist. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Flutist and reed man Yusef Lateef will lead his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 27. Mondays are reserved for the big, power-drive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from seven to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Aug. 27, cornettist Bobby Hackett will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a

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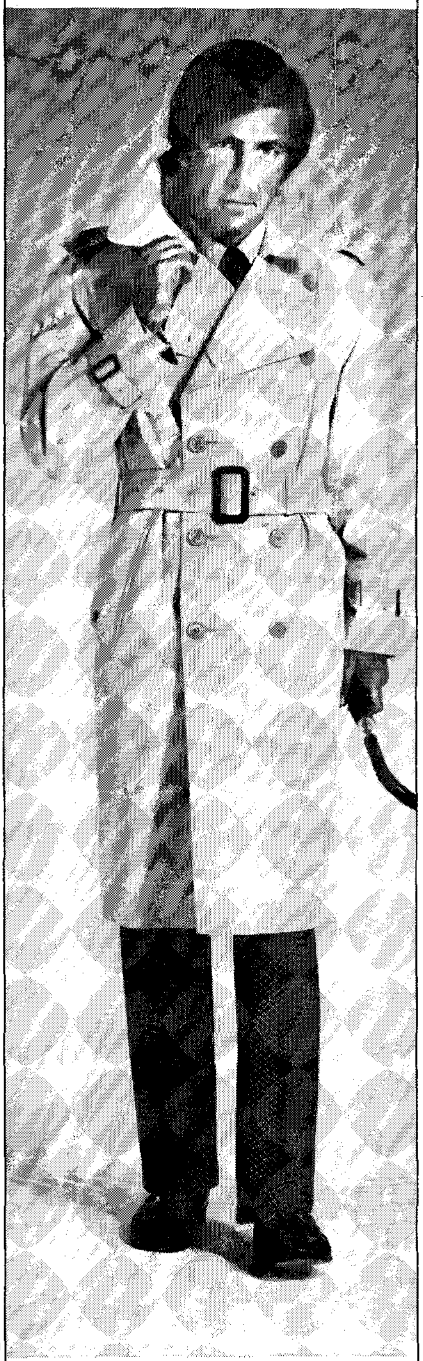

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night a bunch called Bourbon 'n Spice play and sing pop songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Will Jordan will substitute for Mr. D. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 23-25, and David Brenner will do the same Thursday and Friday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The summer festivities here consist of an assortment of young singers and comics. Nine-thirty to closing, every night but Sunday.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret: Various enthusiasms, displayed by a frequently changing roster of eager young singers and instrumentalists. Nine to one are the hours. Cocktails and snacks.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A rage to live, a rage to love, keep bobbing up in the arias let loose by Olga Guillot, the glorious electrical storm that breaks during dinner and supper. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by singer-guitarist Robert Miano. Additionally, every night but Sunday, there is discothèque dancing after ten. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, which remains palmy and courtly, a violinist plays nightly from five to seven and from eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The end of a glorious reign arrives on Saturday, Aug. 26, when Duke Ellington and his men-at-arms move out of this mountain fastness. Sy Oliver brings in his band on Monday, Aug. 28. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Summertime, when the living is easy, looks its best in the famous old palace and architectural museum. The palace guard on the **ROOF** is Woody Herman's activist and engrossing band, which plays for listening at dinner and supper, and for dancing the rest of the evening, in alternation with Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays. Wednesday, Aug. 30, ends the current season of this enterprise. . . . ¶ Memories stir, and so do quite a lot of estimable songs-with-piano when Hazel Scott takes her place in the **PENTHOUSE**. Her hours are nine until around one, except Sunday and Monday. Wednesday, Aug. 30, will be her final night. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Through Thursday, Aug. 31, Ben Vereen will contribute a cluster of songs at ten-fifteen and midnight. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Shorty Allen.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Clem Artist from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged

Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. will take a brief rest after Friday, Aug. 25. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from five-thirty to two, but not on Sunday or Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Thursday, Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN ART**, 133 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, and prints by contemporary American Indians; through Sept. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American nineteenth-century landscapes, still-lifes, and genre scenes; through Thursday, Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St. . . . **BERRY-HILL**, 713 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7, and Saturdays, 11 to 6. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed mornings. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 681 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4. . . . **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Goya portrait, "Pepito Costa y Bonells," is being shown in the European Paintings galleries. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Collages, prints, and graphic designs and advertisements by Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948), a pioneer in collage, including examples from 1918 on through *his last works, done in England;* through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-*1944); through* Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eak*ins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11.* . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Water*colors, prints, and drawings* by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, assembled from the collections of the Museum and the Metropolitan; through Sunday, Aug. 27. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show designed to survey the work being created in the craft field today, offering a multitude of both functional and non-functional objects in diverse mediums; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About two hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from Italian Renaissance masters to contemporary American artists, borrowed from private collections; through Sunday, Aug. 27. . . . ¶ A somewhat reduced version of an exhibition presented in Chicago of works done since the war by artists associated with that city and whose creations, according to the organizers of the exhibit, have qualities in common. The original exhibition was covered in this magazine on July 15. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings *until 9.)*

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of letters, photographs, maps, prints, designs, and books related to the career of Frederick Law Olmsted, in celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the landscape architect who invented Central Park; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three painting/collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; through Sept. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Michael Devlin, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, Salvador Novoa, and Bernard Fitch; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, Dominic Cossa, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Michael Devlin, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Chamber Music—Isidore Cohen, violin; Richard Goode, piano; Annie Kavafian, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. The second of two concerts. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 369-5110. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8.)

Jean Langlais—Organ. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Roberta Flack, Stevie Wonder, Sha-Na-Na, and the Isley Brothers—With others, in a benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, Aug. 23: Andre Kostelanetz conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, dancers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Patricia Brooks, soprano, and John Reardon, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26: Eugene Ormandy directing another varied program, this one with the Capitol Hill Choral Society. The final concert of the season by the orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27: Nancy Wilson. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 28: Sonny and Cher. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 29: The Association. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 30: The James Gang and Fabulous Rhinestones. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 31: Roberta Flack. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1: Rare Earth and Sha-Na-Na. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 2: Ike and Tina Turner. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Joan Baez in the final concerts of the season. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3, at 6.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Ethnic Dance Arts Company, with Nala Najan, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 24, at 3; Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 26, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Mets, Thursday, Aug. 24, at 7:30 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 25, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday,

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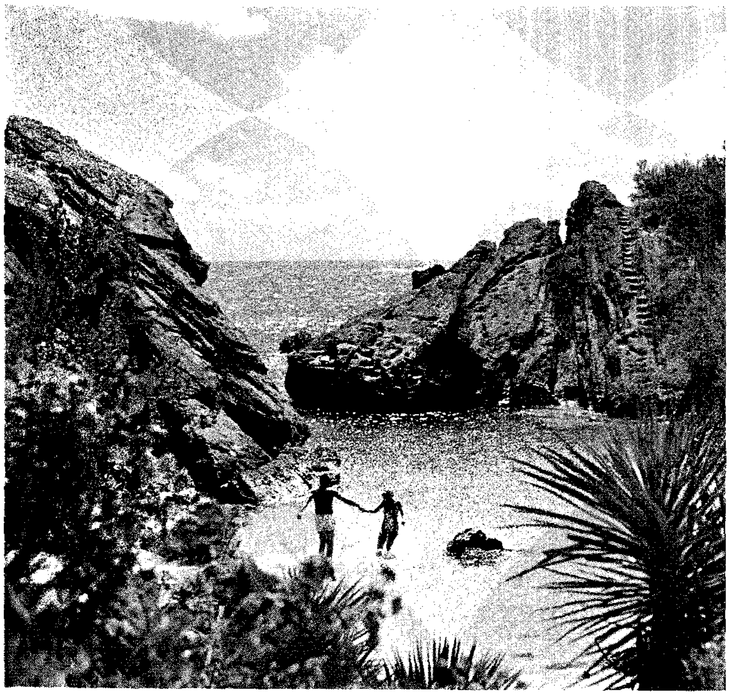

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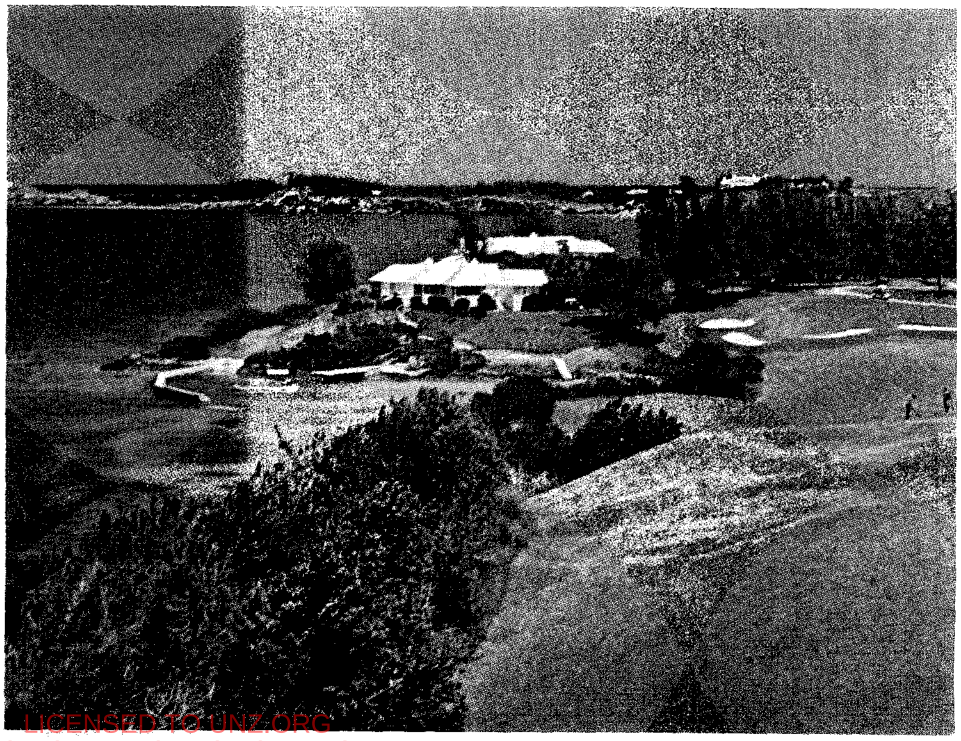

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 30, at 7:30; and Thursday, Aug. 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, Sept. 1, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2.

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Friday through Monday, Sept. 1-4.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 25, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 28, through Saturday, Oct. 14. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 28, and the Gazelle, Saturday, Sept. 2. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:44 and 1:29, and Saturdays between 10:44 and 1:44.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 16. . . . LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Hobson Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 26.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Through Sunday, Aug. 27.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 27.) . . . ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 30, through Sunday, Sept. 10. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Architectural Tours—"Happy Birthday, Charles McKim!," a tour focussing on some Murray Hill buildings designed by the firm of McKim, Mead, and White, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 27. Meets in front of the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call 838-7262. (In the event of rain, the tour will take place the following Saturday afternoon.)

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 23 at 2: "A Gentleman of Paris" (1927), directed by Harry D'Abbadie D'Arrast, with Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 5:30: "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2: "Woman of the World" (1925), directed by Malcolm St. Clair, with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5:30: "You Never Know Women" (1926), directed by William Wellman. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8: "The Letter" (1929), directed by Jean Di Limur, with Jeanne Eagels. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2: "You Never Know Women" (1926). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5:30 and Aug. 26 at noon: "The Lonedale Operator" (1911), "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" (1912), and "Judith of Bethulia" (1914), all D. W. Griffith films. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 3: "The Letter" (1929). . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 5:30: "The Ten Commandments" (1923), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Theodore Roberts, Richard Dix, and Rod La Roque. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 12:30: "The Naked Prey" (1966), directed by, and with, Cornel Wilde. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 3: "Horsefeathers" (1932), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 5:30: "The Story of Temple Drake" (1933), directed by Stephen Roberts, with Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2: "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 5:30: "The Ten Commandments" (1923). . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2: "The Story of Temple Drake" (1933). . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 5:30: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 2: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 5:30: "Four Frightened People" (1934), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932). . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6:30: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of the final production of the season: MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, with Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes, Wild strawberries and wine. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 7: The Kinks. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26, at 7: Poco. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 28, at 7: The James Gang, Ruth Copeland, and David Bromberg. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7 and 9:30: Richie Havens and Goose Creek Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2, at 7: Ginger Baker and Buddy Miles. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Bryant Park—Final performances—Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 12:15: Alfredo Munar. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 12:15: Jimmy McPartland. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 28, at 12:15: Joel Kaye. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 12:15: Sal Pace. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 12:15: Howie Mann.

Gaelic Park—Deep Purple, Fleetwood Mac, and Silverhead. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Music and Dance—Mainly of Spanish origin, with a particle or two from Israel, presented by, mainly, the Alliance of Latin Arts; through Saturday, Aug. 26. Rain date, Sunday, Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Workshop productions of Broadway musicals, Monday through Sunday, Aug. 28-Sept. 3. (Fordham Plaza, Lincoln Center, Columbus Ave. at W. 60th St. Evenings at 8:15.)

Street-Theatre Festival—Performances by thirty community theatre troupes, some from as far away as Wisconsin. (Lincoln Center Plaza. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2:30, and 5:30; through Sunday, Sept. 3.)

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M. through Sunday, Aug. 27. For program news, and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 29: "The Other."
From Aug. 30: "The Godfather."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 26: "Murder at the Vanities" and "Klondike Annie."
Aug. 27-29: "The Fleet's In" and "Anything Goes."
From Aug. 30: "Born to Dance" and "Rosalie."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 29: "Carnal Knowledge," "Trash," and "Catch-22."
From Aug. 30: "Macbeth," "Rosemary's Baby," and "Repulsion."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 29: "What's Up, Doc?"
From Aug. 30: "The Other."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Arruza."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Melinda."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cabaret."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Arruza."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bluebeard."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rivals."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Pope Joan."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Aug. 23: "Ulysses" and "The Hunt."
Aug. 24: "One Potato, Two Potato" and "The Two of Us."
Aug. 25: "Bed and Board" and "Claire's Knee."
Aug. 26: "The Graduate" and "Morgan!"
Aug. 27: "Elvira Madigan" and "A Taste of Honey."
Aug. 28: "Le Boucher" and "Marriage—Italian Style."
Aug. 29: "To Die in Madrid" and "La Guerre Est Finie."
Aug. 30: "Faces" and "My Night at Maud's."
Aug. 31: "Dear John" and "Last Year at Marienbad."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"And Now for Something Completely Different."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Alf 'n' Family."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 24: "Four Flies on Grey Velvet."
From Aug. 25: "Blacula."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Melinda."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 29: "Portnoy's Complaint."
From Aug. 30: "The Salzburg Connection."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Bluebeard."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 29: "Pinocchio."
From Aug. 30: "Play It Again, Sam."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Clockwork Orange."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 24: "Junior Bonner" and "Puppet on a Chain."
From Aug. 25: "Fat City."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 23: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Nosferatu."
Aug. 24-26: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Magician."
Aug. 27-28: "The Seventh Seal" and "Through a Glass Darkly."
Aug. 29-30: "The Virgin Spring" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
From Aug. 31: "Rashomon" and "Two Daughters."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 29: "What's Up, Doc?" and "The Omega Man."
From Aug. 30: "The Godfather."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Now You See Him, Now You Don't" and "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 24: "War and Peace."
From Aug. 25: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Greaser's Palace."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"What's Good for the Goose."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Aug. 24: "The Great Dictator."
From Aug. 25: "Fat City."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Salamandre."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Other."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Charles—Dead or Alive" and Part VII of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Portnoy's Complaint."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 23: "Tosca" and "Plisetskaya Dances."
Aug. 24: "Pather Panchali" and "The White Sheik."
Aug. 25: "The Battle of Algiers" and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below."
Aug. 26: "Such Good Friends" and "Goodbye, Columbus."
Aug. 27: "The Love Parade" and "Love Me Tonight."
Aug. 28: "The Young and the Damned" and "This Strange Passion."
Aug. 29: "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause."
Aug. 30: "Live for Life" and "The Two of Us."
Aug. 31: "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Portrait of Lenin."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 29: "Cabaret" and "Rosemary's Baby."
From Aug. 30 (tentative): "The Graduate" and "Brewster McCloud."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alf 'n' Family—English comedy film written by Johnny Speight and directed by Norman Cohen—the barely related source of the American TV series about Archie Bunker. Alf Garnett, who also began on television (in England), is a much less bigoted character than Bunker; his style is one of insufferable and fairly craven rudeness to absolutely everyone. There is a very good and spunky performance by Dandy Nichols as his wife, who answers back with the best of them. The nature of the film is rather unremitting and reminds you of a lot of TV programs strung together, but Alf's hopelessly rude retorts sometimes have the pathos of the unbeatable aged. (Juliet 1.)

And Now for Something Completely Different—For the last two or three years, the silent minority of England has been awash in love for a B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus," which has collected as many silenced adherents as the "Goon Show" did when it was on radio. There are six actor-writers and two girls for decoration; their peculiar preoccupations, which here include physical-training practice against assault by fresh fruit, complaint to a pet shop about an obviously long-demised parrot (a *Norwegian* parrot, said by the salesman, with dignity, to be pining for the fjords), a staunch stand against a dangerous onset of marauding grannies, and the breakdown of a restaurant manager over a customer who complains mildly about a dirty fork, are directed and compiled (or piled together, perhaps) by Ian Macnaughton. Suitable for the nutty of all ages. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Anything Goes (1936)—Directed by Lewis Milestone and starring Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Not to be confused with the less good remake of twenty years later, also with Bing. The general liveliness of the original Broadway show seems to have survived intact in this version, like the Cole Porter music (including the more stately rhymes from "You're the Top"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27-29.)

Arruza—A documentary on the late matador Carlos Arruza, directed by Budd Boetticher, narrated by Anthony Quinn. (Murray Hill and Plaza.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Beekman; Aug. 25.)

Blacula—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (Juliet 2; starting Aug. 25.)

Bluebeard—Richard Burton in the title role, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. She danced the way José Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In the finale to this musical she tapped on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 30.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 28.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Olympia; starting Aug. 30, tentative.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Kips Bay and 72nd St. Playhouse.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Aug. 29.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Elgin; Aug. 23.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 29.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 29.)

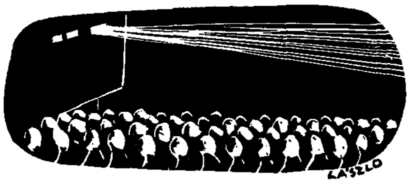
Charles–Dead or Alive—Directed by Alain Tanner. In French. (New Yorker.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 25.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and Riviera.)

Dear John (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Beekman; Aug. 31.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)



East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Thalia; Aug. 29.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Beekman; Aug. 27.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (Coronet and Little Carnegie.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Beekman; Aug. 30.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach—Huston could no more miss great calibre in an actor than he could miss a great horse in a paddock—is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. The Stacy Keach character is at a crux: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Lincoln Art; starting Aug. 25.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Fleet's In (1942)—Intended to be restful to the Navy in wartime (sailors figure a good deal in the picture) but rather tiring now. Dorothy Lamour throws things a lot, and William Holden marries her. Heavy period stuff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27-29.)

Four Flies on Grey Velvet—With Michael Brandon and Mimsy Farmer, directed by Dario Argento. (Juliet 2; through Aug. 24.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Baronet and Paramount. . . . ¶ Art and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 30.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Beekman; Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 30, tentative.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Festival.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art; through Aug. 24.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 29.)

The Hunt (1966)—A terrifying allegory about the most dangerous game in the world, which is taking life. Directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Beekman; Aug. 23.)

Junior Bonner—Sam Peckinpah's affectionate piece about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos, with very fine performances by Robert Preston as an aging roisterer of a father, Ida Lupino as a practical mother with a voice like a nutmeg grater and too much wisdom for her own comfort, and Steve McQueen as a roaming rodeo performer too young to be already so tarnished with disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. A depressingly successful other son has made a fortune out of all-electric trailers. (Greenwich; through Aug. 24.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West and Victor McLaglen. They don't bring out the best in each other. Raoul Walsh directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 26.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Music Hall.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 31.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Thalia; Aug. 27.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Thalia; Aug. 27.)

Macbeth—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 30.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument somewhat magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 24-26.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. He wants to be sincere, see. He wants to be like Mick Jagger. All this Jesus stuff . . . The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserveus humor. (Cinema II.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and more rash "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio de Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly has annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but de Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Beekman; Aug. 28.)

Melinda—With Calvin Lockhart and Rosalind Cash, directed by Hugh A. Robertson. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Morgan! (1966)—A truly weird black comedy in which the anarchistic left-wing misfit hero (David Warner) is also crazy and in pain. The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Beekman; Aug. 26.)

Murder at the Vanities (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical that is moderately effective both ways, though the doubling of the thirties conventions makes it plot-heavy and doubly antiqued. Starring the late, dimpled international idol Carl Brisson (who sings "Cocktails for Two"); with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Stickney, and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Mitchell Leisen directed, for Paramount. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 26.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 30.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Loews Orpheum.)

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (1961)—A Walt Disney semi-documentary. (Guild.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to punk. (Elgin; Aug. 23.)

Now You See Him, Now You Don't—From the Disney Studios, with Kurt Russell. Directed by Robert Butler. (Guild.)

The Omega Man (1971)—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive, we wouldn't advise it. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 29.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—This modest well-intended movie about the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child has a dull, mawkish script, and so it is seldom credible, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Beekman; Aug. 24.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Art; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 30.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Waverly; through Aug. 29.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Aug. 30.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The amazing red-haired Russian ballerina, who has a neck like a longbow, dances in a Russian documentary. Take any child who has a crush on ballet. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

Pope Joan—With Liv Ullmann, Olivia de Havilland, and Franco Nero, directed by Michael Anderson. (Columbia I.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Symphony. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Aug. 29.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

Puppet on a Chain—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alaister MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (Greenwich; through Aug. 24.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; starting Aug. 31.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Thalia; Aug. 29.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 30.)

Rivals—With Joan Hackett and Robert Klein, directed by Krishna Shah. (Cinema I.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this ber-

STEAK HOUSE
O'HENRY'S

serk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 30.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (Olympia; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 30.)

La Salamandre—The most captivating and droll début in New York by a foreign director since Rohmer and his "My Night at Maud's." The film is Swiss (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger, who lives now in Geneva and has a fastidious eye and wit. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)

The Salzburg Connection—Based on the Helen MacInnes novel, with Barry Newman and Anna Karina, directed by Lee H. Katzin. (86th St. East; starting Aug. 30.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death: during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 27-28.)

The Sky Above—The Mud Below (1959)—A little about the Stone Age men of New Guinea and a lot about the ordeals of the intrepid men who made the movie. The documentary techniques are crude and include some obviously staged sequences. Written and directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

Slaughter—With Jim Brown, Stella Stevens, and Rip Torn, directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 29-30.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Such Good Friends—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them, at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with another atrocious performance by James Coco. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

Superfly—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Beekman; Aug. 27.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

This Strange Passion ("El;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 28.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 27-28.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Beekman; Aug. 29.)

Tosca (1958)—The Puccini opera, with Franca Duval and Franco Corelli. Directed by Carmine Gallone. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 29.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Elgin; starting Aug. 31.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Thalia; Aug. 30.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 25.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Beekman; Aug. 23.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 29-30.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Ziegfeld; twice a day through Aug. 24.)

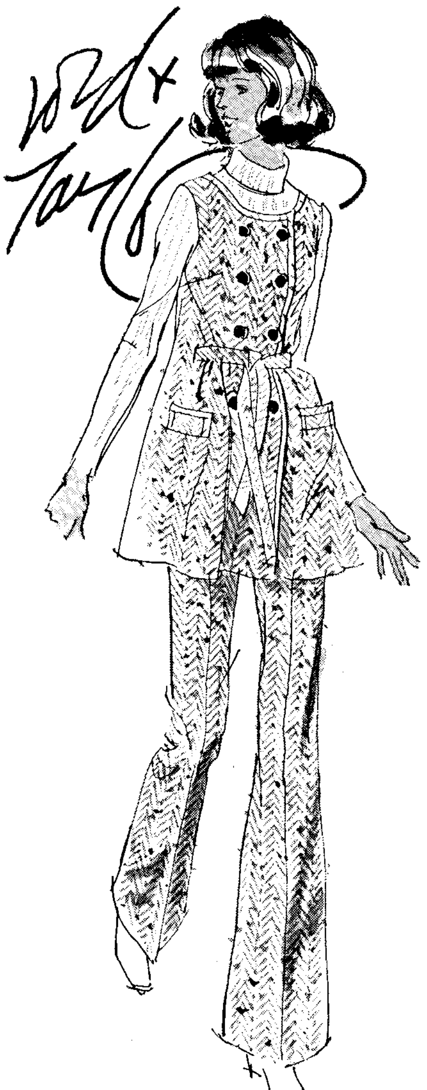
What's Good for the Goose (1970)—With Norman Wisdom, cavorting in a (for him) newish mid-Atlantic style, in a stymied sex situation modelled on old-style seaside postcards about little men suffering at the hands of big matrons. Mediocre and frenetic. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Playboy.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 29.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 24-26.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 28.)



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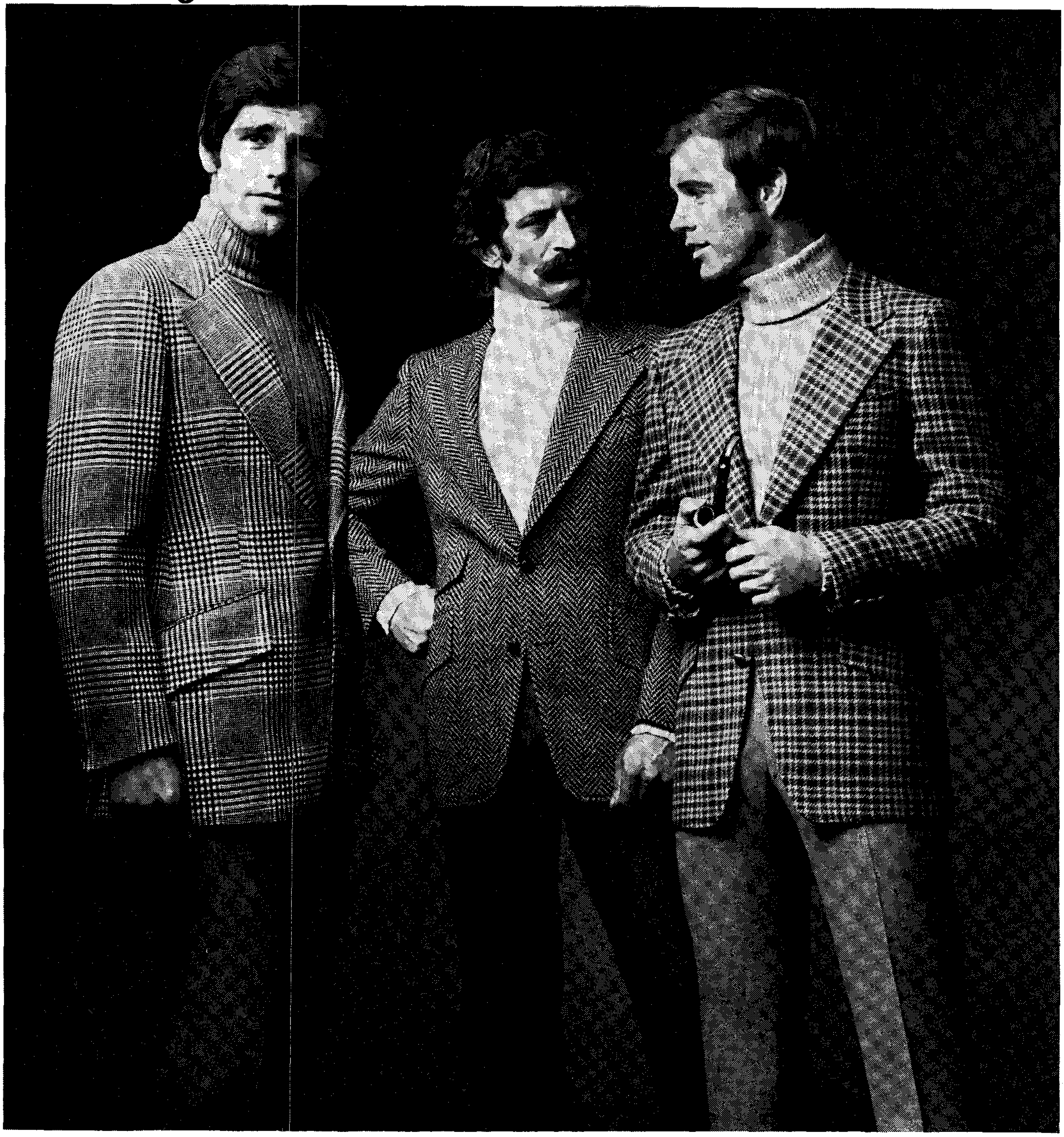

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THE NEW YORKER

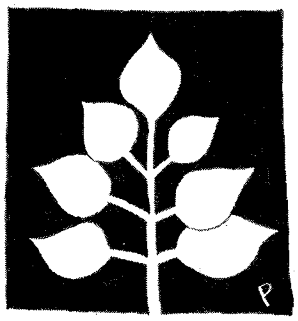
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOW it's Fat Alberts. On August 11th, the 3rd Battalion of our 21st Infantry—the last unit of American ground combat troops—was withdrawn from Vietnam. The *Post* ran a headline that read, "GROUND WAR IS OVER FOR G.I.S IN VIET." The same day, our Air Force began what its spokesman said were probably the heaviest raids ever made on North Vietnam. That night, on TV, a member of one of our bomber crews talked with a newsman about our new "smart bombs"—the one-ton, television-guided bombs we have been using lately in Vietnam. He was a nice young man. They are always nice young men, these officers who appear on the screen chatting about their deadly missions. He talked pleasantly about the old "stupid bombs" and the new "smart bombs," which, he said, he and his friends referred to as Fat Alberts—after a character created by the comedian Bill Cosby. It was as if by giving our bombs funny or cute or affectionate names we could turn them into something else. The young man talked about dropping the Fat Alberts on the Vietnamese as if he had been dropping confetti. He talked about the advantages of the "smart bombs." They were so damn smart that he could fly at a tremendous height, outside the range of anti-aircraft fire, and could be sure of hitting only military targets—power plants, fuel depots, bridges—and avoiding civilian casualties. The assumption was that the strikes were very precise and that no civilians would happen to be around. Anyone around, it could be assumed, was, by definition, a non-civilian. It is the official American view that there are no dead civilians in Vietnam, North or South. Nevertheless, the civilians are dying, and so are the South Vietnamese troops and the North Vietnamese troops, whom we have doomed to what is beginning to seem like eternal combat. The war is over for G.I.s in Viet, but the war is not over. The Vietnamese continue to kill one another. Our bombs continue to fall. The Vietnamese, however, have no funny names for our bombs. They don't know that they are being blown to pieces by mere Fat Alberts.

The Met

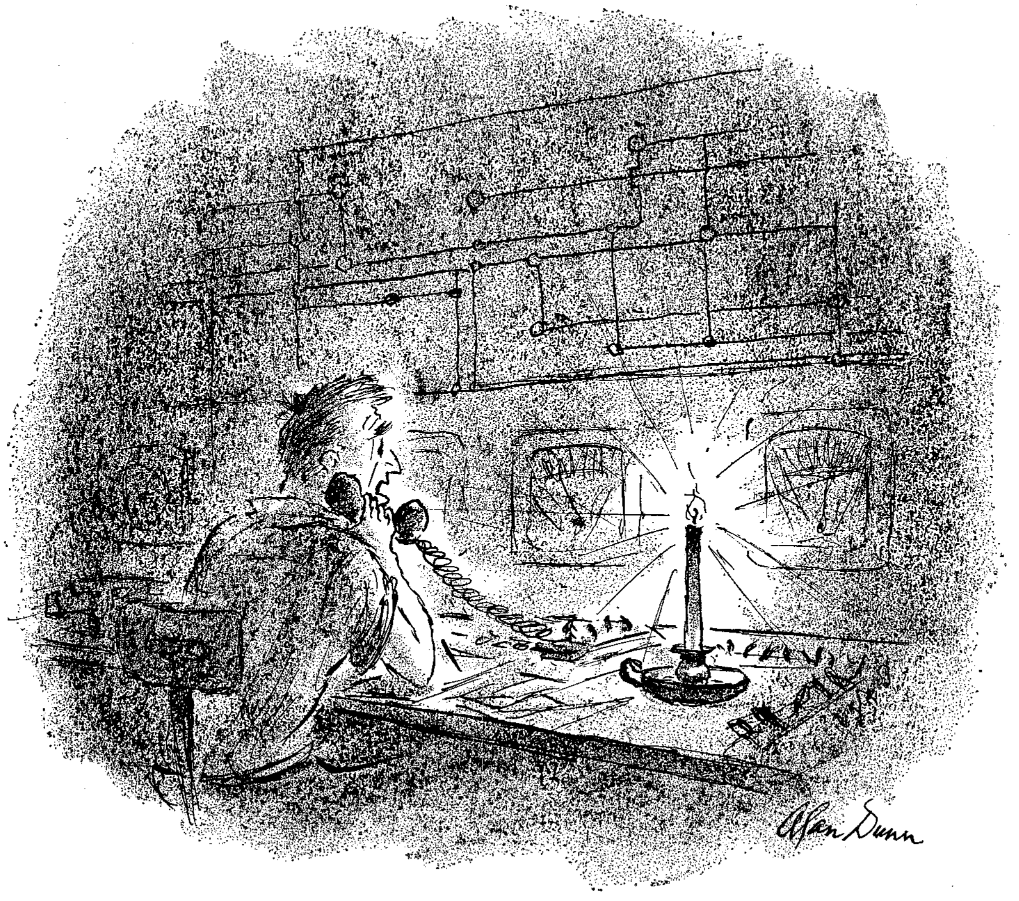
ALTHOUGH Goeran Gentele served only eighteen days as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera before his untimely death in an automobile accident last month, he had worked in the house for more than a year, planning future seasons, reshaping the administrative staff, finding solutions to the union-management disputes that had undermined the morale of the company. Most remarkably, he had decided to put his artistic reputation as a talented and original director of opera on the line at the outset of his American career with an unorthodox, semi-abstract production of Bizet's "Carmen," which will open the Metropolitan season in mid-September. Gentele's "Carmen" was an ingenious substitute for the ancient production of "Tannhäuser" that Rudolf Bing had scheduled for his successor's managerial début. We recall Gentele's deadpan announcement at a press conference that after a considerable amount of discussion he had persuaded himself to direct the opera. Many people in the room took the statement at face value; a few were quietly entertained by the Gentele wit, because they knew that he had been negotiating with the Italian director Giorgio Strehler for months and Strehler had backed out of the project at the last minute.



We paid a visit to the Metropolitan last week and found that although an atmosphere of melancholy pervaded the house, the artistic and technical departments were functioning with their customary efficiency. In Liszt Hall, the chorus was polishing the cigarette girls' entrance in the first act of "Carmen" under the watchful eyes and waving arms of the chorus director, Kurt Adler. "'*La fumée*,'" said Mr. Adler, signalling for a halt, "should not be a *dull* sound. More and more of you should close the mouths and end up humming, to give the impression of smoke vanishing into thin air." Downstairs, in a rehearsal room, dancers writhed through the pseudo-Oriental choreography of the "Aida" temple scene for the four-hundredth time. From rehearsal rooms in the adjacent corridors came muffled bursts of vocalism—a baritone belting out Wagner, a tenor struggling through Mozart, a soprano chirping away at Donizetti. On the main stage, the massive first-act "Carmen" set—thick white stucco walls, representing a cigarette factory on the audience's left and a square guardhouse on the audience's right—was being pushed into place by an army of stagehands under the supervision of Josef Svoboda, the Czech designer, and Bodo Igesz, a talented young directorial assistant to Gentele, who has been chosen to direct the Gentele production. As carpenters hammered a few loose sections of a staircase together, Mr. Svoboda and Mr. Igesz paced back and forth in the auditorium conferring in German.

"We may remove the balcony from the factory wall," Mr. Igesz told us after we had introduced ourself. "It disturbs the simplicity of the architectural concept." Mr. Svoboda, whose English is limited, nodded agreement.

We asked Mr. Igesz how he and



"Con Ed Queens Division speaking, Madam. Just what is the nature of your problem?"

• •

Mr. Gentele had planned to stage the first act.

"The stage action is determined by the fact that this is not the usual town square," he explained. "Instead, we are *inside* the courtyard of the cigarette factory; the iron fence that runs along the back of the stage between the two buildings keeps the townspeople out. So the chorus works behind it, although a few people slip through from time to time. The soldiers are *not* lounging around off duty. They are guarding the cigarette girls, who work half-naked in the factory. This approach makes a great deal of sense to me, because it explains the moment when everybody disappears, leaving Don José alone onstage with Micaela, the girl who has followed him to Seville. A real public square in Spain is never empty. The children's chorus will either sneak through the gate or climb the fence, and have its parade up on top of the flat roof of the guardhouse, as a kind of parody of what is going on below."

"To what extent did Mr. Gentele leave staging instructions?" we asked.

"I have an annotated score that he was working on in Sardinia at the time of the accident," said Mr. Igesz, "and we had had discussions about the dramatic problems. With the help of these and of talks with people who worked with him on a previous 'Carmen,' in Stockholm, I will do my best to preserve the spirit of his ideas."

We took an elevator to the second floor of the building, where we found Leonard Bernstein, the conductor of "Carmen," discussing costumes for the production with Charles Caine and Maureen Ting Klein, of the wardrobe department.

"Look at these Doré drawings and you can see where David Walker got his ideas," Mr. Bernstein said enthusiastically, leafing through a book of prints and comparing them with costume sketches. "I hope we can get our Don José to look like this ruffian in the smugglers' scene—the shaggy cape, the hat, the big knife."

"The colors are mainly brown, beige, and black in the first act," said Mr. Caine. Bringing forward a dummy wearing a gold military tunic, he added, "This is the only flash of color you'll see onstage."

"The sets were so shocking when I first saw them I couldn't believe they were 'Carmen,'" said Mr. Bernstein. "Four acts in black and white, with costumes in subdued colors! But the geometry is of a beauty that is so breathtaking you can play these costumes against it. The one thing I worry about is the scenes of intimacy in that enormous café."

"How did you get involved with 'Carmen'?" we asked Mr. Bernstein.

"Gentele asked me to conduct it long before he knew it was going to be his production," Mr. Bernstein replied. "And we agreed that the story should be told from Don José's point of view, as Mérimée told it in his novella. José is not a weakling or a Boy Scout *manqué*; he's a dangerous, unstable man from the start. Mérimée tells us that Don José was studying for the priesthood in Navarra when he killed a man in a quarrel. He joined the Army and was sent south to Seville, where he's a complete outsider. And here this doom falls upon him in the person of Carmen. Gentele always thought of Don José as a man with the smell of blood about him. Carmen picks José out of the crowd precisely because of this instinct for blood, which is part of her doom. He has killed before and he will kill again. When you look at the opera this way, you don't want a brilliant, flashy production; you try to come up with a concept that is dramatically valid. So we decided to ditch the formal recitatives—which were composed after Bizet's death, and which turned 'Carmen' into a grand opera—and return to the spoken dialogue of the original version. Since we don't have a French-speaking cast, Goeran and I decided to go fairly easy on the dialogue scenes. I remember one session in February that began at 2 P.M. in my apartment and lasted until 2 A.M. the following day, during which we reduced the dialogue to manageable proportions. It was a very merry evening. We worked right through dinner, and afterward we acted out the scenes that we had written, taking all the parts and roaring with laughter. I think this spirit will carry the rest of us through the production. 'Carmen' is racy and witty and fun, and I'm sure that Goeran would have wanted the rehearsals to be fun. When anybody asked him what he thought an opera house should be, he always said 'Alive.'"

Our last stop was the office of Schuyler Chapin, a handsome, brown-haired, blue-eyed man of forty-nine, whom Gentele chose as his assistant, and who has succeeded him as acting general manager. (By a twist of fate, Chapin, a former executive of Lincoln Center, is also the man who proposed Gentele for his Metropolitan job.)

"There is no way to describe the tragedy that has happened," said Mr.

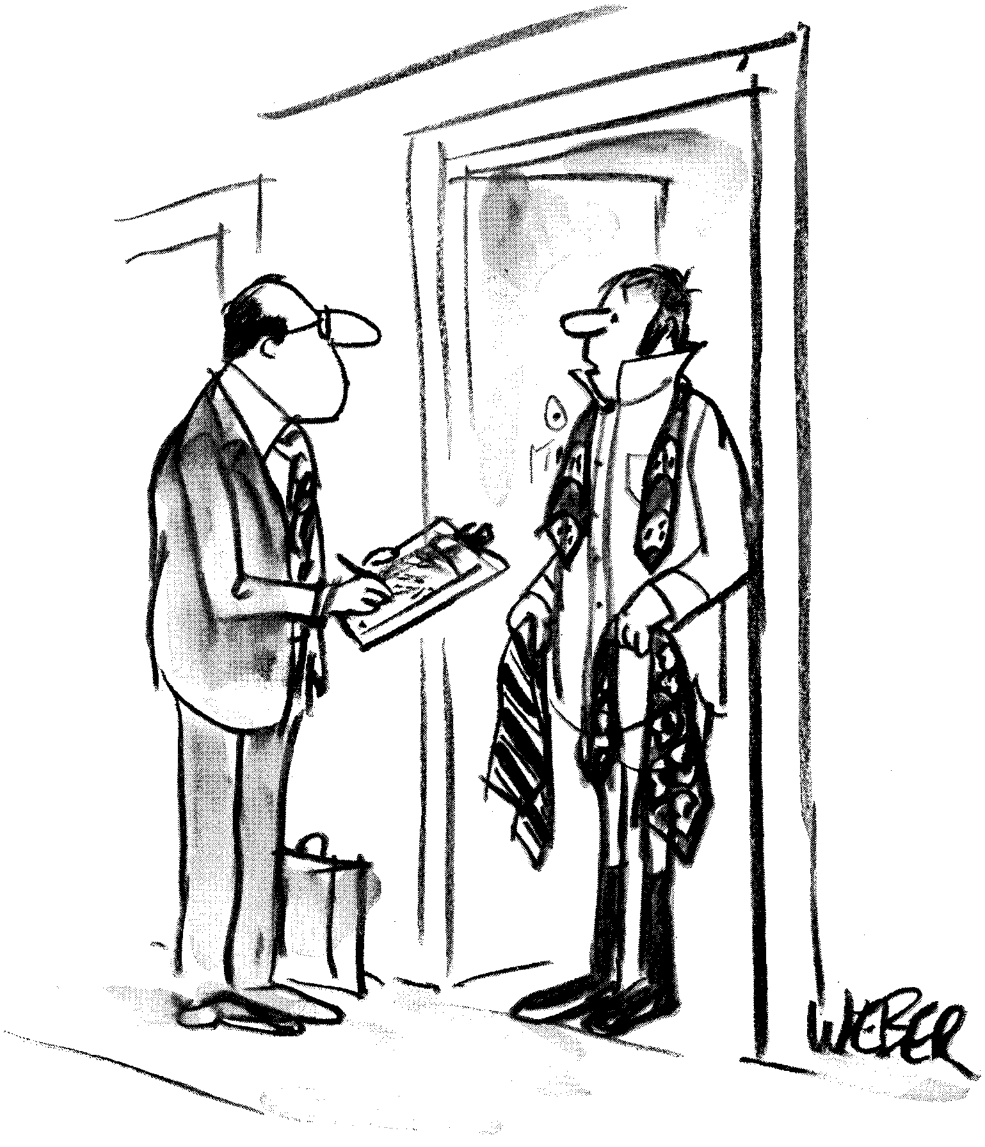
Chapin. "No rhyme or reason to it. And we will do Goeran no service if we are all caught up in trying to put together something that has been smashed beyond our powers to reconstruct. He brought to this job a unique set of experiences—as an actor, a director, and the general manager of the Stockholm Royal Opera. I bring to it another set of experiences, but his, although they are no longer available, have been absorbed to a certain extent by those of us who worked closely with him. This staff is his staff, and this house will be run by a philosophy of decentralization to which he and I both subscribed. The Metropolitan Opera is too large a cultural institution to exist in the shadow of one man anymore. Goeran always laughed when I said that opera was emerging from the age of autocracy into the age of benevolent despotism, but it's quite true. For me, leadership means getting everyone involved, giving all our employees a sense of pride and accomplishment, and encouraging people to solve their own problems, up to a point. Goeran Gentele will be remembered for creating an atmosphere of mutual trust and respect that makes this kind of management possible. Those of us here who knew him—and almost everybody did—will recall him as a man who cared about people, a man of strength and joy, courage and humor, gutsiness and wit. On a broader basis, for the people who never knew him but were interested in what he was trying to do, the jet-age requirement of planning ahead has turned out to be a curious and ironic advantage. Although there are bound to be modifications, the big outlines of the next three seasons—operas, casts, conductors, and most of the directors and designers—are completely planned. So the lovely spot I'm in is that even if the Board should come to me at the end of the season and say 'Thank you and goodbye,' there is very little that can be changed until the fall of 1976. That is the artistic legacy Goeran Gentele has left us."

Pageant

AT the Felt Forum, the stage was filled with young black girls in red leotards with spangles and white pleated skirts. All the girls carried yellow pompons, and many of them carried large placards. On one side of each placard was a dark-puce letter on a light-puce background; on the other side was a dark-orange letter on a light-orange background. When the girls flashed the puce letters and the orange letters in sequence, they formed the legend "HAL JACKSON'S U.S. TEEN REVUE." Hal Jackson, the WLIB disc jockey and program director, who is also the president of Hal Jackson Productions and at that moment was the executive producer of the second annual Miss Black Teenage America Beauty Pageant and U.S. Teen Revue, stepped forward to read a brief statement. "Take hope," he said. "A new generation is on the way. We give you a new generation, which is part of the Pepsi Generation." The Miss Black Teenage America Pageant was being video-taped for a television special sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.

Because of the taping, the Miss Black Teenage America Pageant moved slowly. Next to us, a young black woman in a smart print dress groaned about the delays. The Felt Forum was only half full. At a certain point, the audience was rearranged: people were seated in the orchestra in such a way that the television camera could appear to scan a packed house. Everyone in the audience was smartly dressed.

After a time, the names of the five finalists were announced. One of the finalists was Regina Battle, from Seaside, California. When her name was announced, there was a shout from the members of the Monterey Peninsula Cotillion League, who sponsored her, and who were seated nearby. The members of the League who shouted most happily were two handsome women—Betty Sapp, the president, and Ruthie Watts, the "charm adviser." "We work for teen-agers and we present débutantes," Mrs. Watts said to us. "We presented twenty-one girls to society this year. There has been no falling off of interest. The girls must meet certain qualifications. We require that the girl promise to attend college and that she become involved with community service. If a girl is presented, it can sometimes determine her future." There was at the Miss Black



"Oh, just put me down as undecided."

Teenage America Pageant an almost formal social style—a style of the sort that has largely disappeared from gatherings of white people. It was combined with a commercial promotional style, which in white gatherings is not associated with propriety but in the black world at this moment is accepted as a measure of achievement. No white promoter could have assembled an audience as well-dressed as this for a beauty pageant.

There were several "judging segments." During the talent-judging segment, two of the contestants delivered humorous monologues that, in different ways, riffed off black political and social archetypes—the hip young girl, the preacher, the junkie, the radical, the nonviolent protester. During a question-and-answer-judging segment, the contestants answered questions like "If you had one million dollars, what would you do with it?" and "How do you view the need for education in today's society?" Hal Jackson announced that the trophies to be awarded had come from Tiffany's and that this was the first time Tiffany's had ever consented to design trophies for a beauty contest.

The judges sat directly in front of the stage. One of them was Sara Slack, who writes a society column (perhaps the most interesting society column in New York) for the *Amsterdam News*. "It's fabulous," said Sara Slack, who was full of energy and was wearing a bright-red dress. "It is *perfection*. It's really true. This is the flower of black youth."

Hal Jackson, before announcing the winner of the contest, told the audience exactly when to look for the pageant on television. "It's on prime time," he said. "It's not just going to be thrown on the air. Pepsi insisted on prime time. They never let you go second-class."

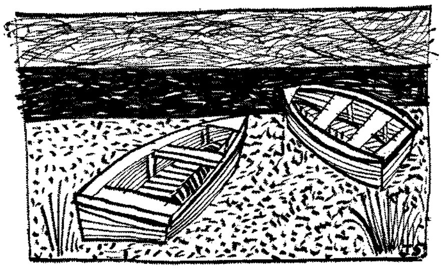
Night Ride

ON a recent Sunday, at one o'clock in the morning, we took off on our bicycle, pedalled up to the Yankee Stadium, and then rode all over the Bronx until well past dawn. Moreover, we weren't the only one. More than a hundred other people answered the call of the Friends of Central Park and the Friends of Prospect Park to participate in an All-Bronx Insomniacs Bicycle Tour. About twenty riders from Manhattan, including us, started off from the Washington Square Arch at a little past one. We were due at the Stadium at two-thirty, so there was no time for dawdling along the way, but the skies were clear, the air was cool and clean, and the route was mostly downhill. We rode up Sixth Avenue, through Central Park, and up Riverside Drive to 155th Street, where we traversed Manhattan—only six blocks wide at that point—and crossed the Macombs Dam Bridge to the Bronx. At the Stadium, our Manhattan contingent joined a group of cyclists that looked as though it had been selected according to the McGovern guidelines. There were boys and girls of fourteen and men and women of sixty. All the races, ages, and styles of New York seemed to be represented. The bicycles were equally various, ranging from the sleekest of ten-speed antelopes to squat little folding models with fat tires.

The tour got under way, and the first stop was the corner of East 161st Street and the Grand Concourse. Michael George, a young black television cameraman and architecture buff, who was acting as the tour's guide, informed us through a bullhorn that the corner we were standing on was the Trafalgar Square of the Bronx. He added that the borough had once had a certain glamour. "Somewhere in the world tonight an Al Jolson movie is playing," Mr. George said. "Jolson rushes into his mother's apartment, and do you know what he says? He says, 'Mom, we're rich! Now we can move to the Bronx!' "

A few blocks up the Concourse, at Joyce Kilmer Park, the party of cyclists stopped to contemplate the Lorelei Fountain. Mr. George explained that the fountain, which commemorates Heinrich Heine, author of "Die Lorelei," found its way to the Bronx after being rejected by the city fathers of Düsseldorf, where Heine was born. Two of the statues that form the fountain were without heads. "We normally think of vandalism as a recent phenomenon," Mr. George said, "but this statue was put here in 1899, and it was first vandalized in 1900."

Back on the Concourse, we rode beside Edna Blanchard, who had led the Manhattan cyclists up from Washington Square. Miss Blanchard, a compact brunette who is thirty-seven but looks considerably younger, told us her favorite bicycle horror story. "I ride my bike to work every day, from Carmine Street, in the Village, to the General Motors Building," she said. "I have to chain it up outside, because the G.M. people aren't about to allow bikes in their building. One day, I was riding home, and I came to a red light, so I put on the brakes. Nothing. Absolutely no stopping power at all. I had to grab a car to stop myself. It turned out that somebody had stolen my brake shoes. Isn't that incredible? So now every time I've parked my bike outside I always check to make sure the brake shoes are still there before I ride off."



At Poe Park, Mr. George stood on a bench in front of a little white wooden house. "Edgar Allan Poe lived in this cottage from 1846 until 1849, the year he died," he said. "His rent was about a hundred dollars a year. He succeeded in proving that a house in the country doesn't necessarily bring happiness."

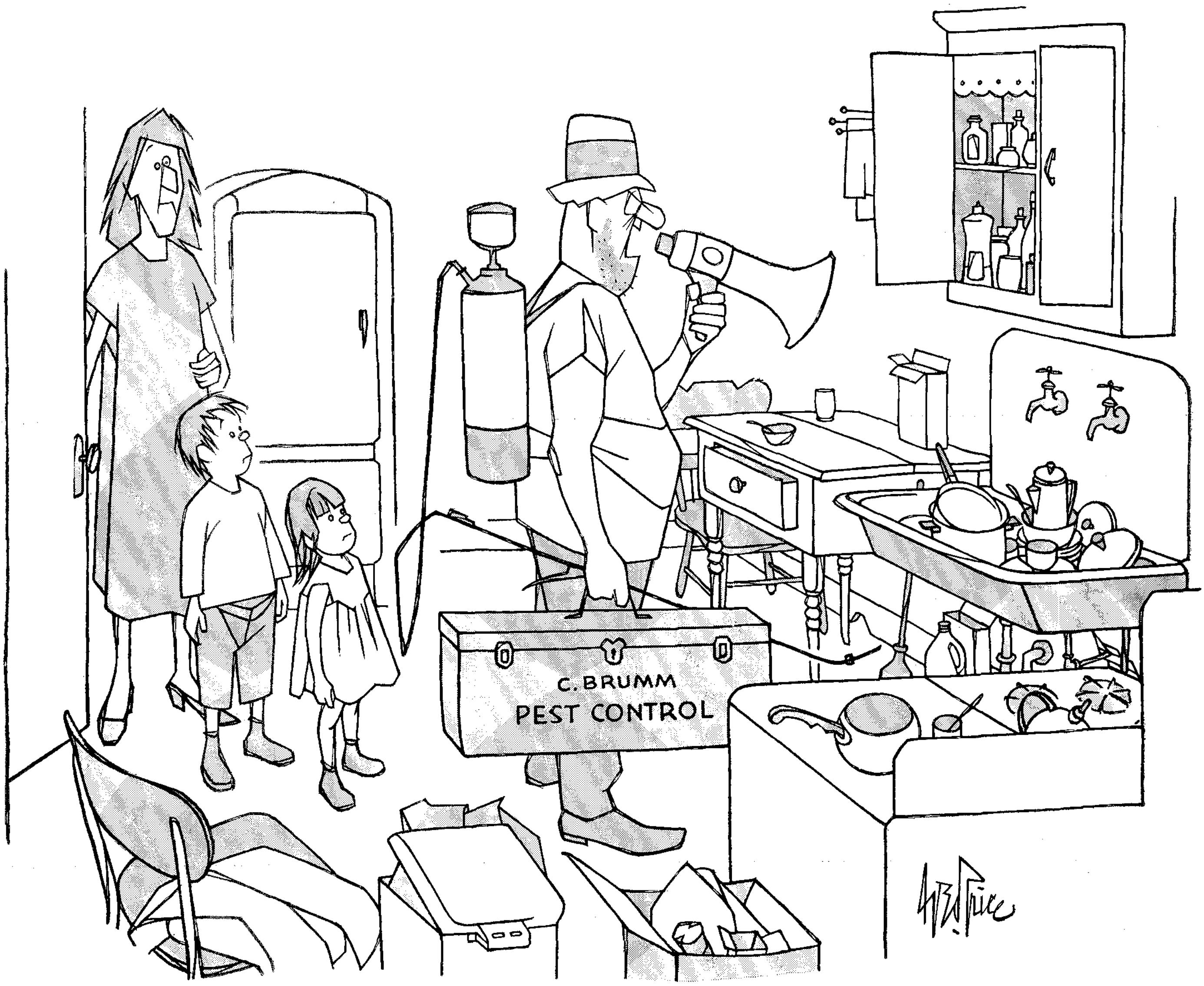
It was past four o'clock. With our scores of companions, we set out again and rode the wide boulevards—the Concourse, Mosholu Parkway, Webster Avenue, East Fordham Road, Pelham Parkway. At that hour on a Sunday morning, on those roads, in the glare of mercury-vapor street lamps, the Bronx presents a silent, bland, greenish face.

Riding along, we introduced ourself to Ralph Rapp, a handsome, outdoorsy man with curly gray hair and a wolfish grin. "I was the one who suggested bike tours, about four years ago," he told us. "Bob Makla, of the Friends of Prospect Park, was handing out leaflets for one of their walking tours one day. I happen to be a genius, so I said, 'Why not do it on bicycles? Then you can see the whole Park, not just part of it.' "

"What do you do?" we asked.

"I run the bike concession in Prospect Park," he said. "I was a stockbroker, and I was tired of that and waiting for something else to come along. I was walking in Central Park one day about five years ago and I came across the bike concession there. I hadn't been on a bike for twenty years. I rented one, and it was so much fun I came back every day for a week. It seemed like a good business—pleasant, low-key people—so with some associates I went to the Parks Department and applied for the Prospect Park concession."

We pedalled ahead and caught up with Nancy and Richard Callahan, who were riding a green five-speed



"Now hear this!"

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Schwinn Twin tandem bicycle. Mrs. Callahan told us that she and her husband had brought the bike into town from Maplewood, New Jersey, in their station wagon. "Nancy has her own ten-speed at home, and I sometimes ride this thing by myself," Mr. Callahan said. "And I pick up hitchhikers, believe it or not."

A police car, its many lights flashing satisfyingly, and a panel truck, with several bikes mounted on a rack in front, followed the procession. At the main gate of the Bronx Zoo, we dropped back to talk with the man in charge of the panel truck—Roger Bergman, who is twenty-nine and has owned and operated the Pedal Pusher bike shop, on East Sixty-sixth Street, for the past four years. He told us that about twenty of the riders had rented their bikes from him (at three dollars and ninety-seven cents each, with a breakfast of French bread, cheese, and fruit thrown in), and that he had been providing free repair service on all the Friends' tours, in order to build good will for his shop. "We brought along a few extra bikes, so if something goes wrong with somebody's bike we pop it in the truck and lend him one of ours while we try to fix it," he said. "We've handled several flats, and Eric Swensson, from American Youth Hostels, fixed some gears that went out of adjustment, and a couple of people had their fenders fall off."

On the last leg of the tour, we saw remarkable scenes. A sliver of the old moon was in the sky, and Venus shone brightly a little distance away. As we approached the Hutchinson River, the dark monoliths of Co-op City loomed on our left, and on our right was a gloomy, dramatic hill, with gnarled, leafless trees on it, and no sign of human presence. It looked like a blasted heath. Inside Pelham Bay Park, a cold mist made the landscape strange. The only sounds were the whir of bicycle chains and the whish of bicycle tires. Orchard Beach, our final destination, came into view. It was low tide, and the waters of the Long Island Sound were still. Hundreds of gulls picked at the muck; trash baskets stood in ranks on the empty sand, like sentinels. On Twin Island, a rocky promontory north of the beach, we watched the sun rise. People stood here and there, nibbling sandwiches and gazing at strangely named islands—the Nonations, the Blauzes, Chimney Sweeps, Rat Island, Hog Island, Pea Island.

On the way to the Pelham Bay Park subway station, where a special antique train was waiting to take riders and bicycles back to Manhattan and Brooklyn, we passed the blasted heath again. But now it resembled an ugly pile of dirt, crisscrossed with bulldozer tracks—an optical illusion, no doubt, caused by an unnatural excess of daylight. New York, even its wild places, is a night city.

AFTERNOON IN SUMMER

He became aware that Sally had emerged from her book and was about to say something.

"Murder is an occupational risk for prostitutes."

"Hmm," said he, clinging to the thread of his calculations. They grew so engrossing that when next she spoke it took him by surprise.

"And for wives, too—though not so much so."

Inwardly assenting, Willie asked, "What on earth are you reading now?"

"A book about all the murders committed in the last thirty years. I got it from the public library."

"Is *it interesting?*"

"Yes. In rather a stark way. Just facts and sentences."

"Sounds enthralling."

"But murder is not so much of an occupational risk for murderers. I mean, they mostly aren't hanged. Of course, that's a good thing."

He looked at Sally's sleek flaxen head, now bent over her book again. Though he was still young, still a student, he was a year older than she and found her artless sophistications touching. It was as though the mental processes beneath that hood of silken hair were as sleek, as smoothly disposed, as childishly combed and clean.

He worked on. She read. The alarm clock ticked. After an hour had passed he realized that it was two-thirty and that he was unfed.

"Are there any cases in your nice book about husbands who ate their wives? I'd like to know their sentences."

"Oh, Willie, are you hungry?"

Her gaze rested on him, calmly attentive, as if this were another interesting social phenomenon. She put a marker in the book and closed it. He cleared his papers off the table and laid them on the floor. The dwelling they had rented for the summer vacation was advertised as "self-contained." It was so self-contained that the only place for their bicycles was in the bathroom-kitchenette. Skirting the bicycles, Sally now opened a small refrigerator, and considered its contents: a heel of cheese, some rye biscuit, one tomato. She put these on a tray and after further consideration added salt.

The tomato was scrupulously shared between them. It seemed of an Oriental richness and succulence.

"I had a shopping list. But when I was halfway there this morning I remembered the bloody grocer shuts on Thursdays."

"May Hell be hot for him," said Willie, mildly. "Never mind, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll cycle along the road toward Cowfold, and have an enormous tea at The Goat."

"That inn we passed with the roses?"

"*And* the check curtains."

"*And* the frogs."

"*And* the milking stool."

There was no such adventitious rusticity about the dacha they had rented from Miss Hobson, professor of Lit. Hum. at Willie's red-brick university. Plain as a packing case, with an air of having lost all interest in going further, it stood at the end of a long flinty track across flinty fields of sugar beet. "Wonderful views of the sky," Miss Hobson had remarked.

With only one puncture, they reached the crossroads and turned toward Cowfold. The sun beat on their backs, midges stuck to their faces. Strong Indian tea and strawberries and cream, thought Sally. Strong Indian tea, plumcake, and ham sandwiches, thought Willie. The Goat appeared in the heavens, motionless on its signpost against a glaring blue sky. There were the roses, there was the lily pond, with concrete frogs. They dismounted. Swaying with hunger and heatstroke, they walked up the crazy-paving path. On the door was a notice: "NO TEAS."

Sally moaned and sank down on the milking stool.

Willie looked at his watch. "Twenty to five," he said. "They're legally bound to open at six. We'll kill time till then. Think of those poor wretches who go to the moon."

"And there'll be a church somewhere. We haven't passed one, so we shall come to one. Churches are cool."

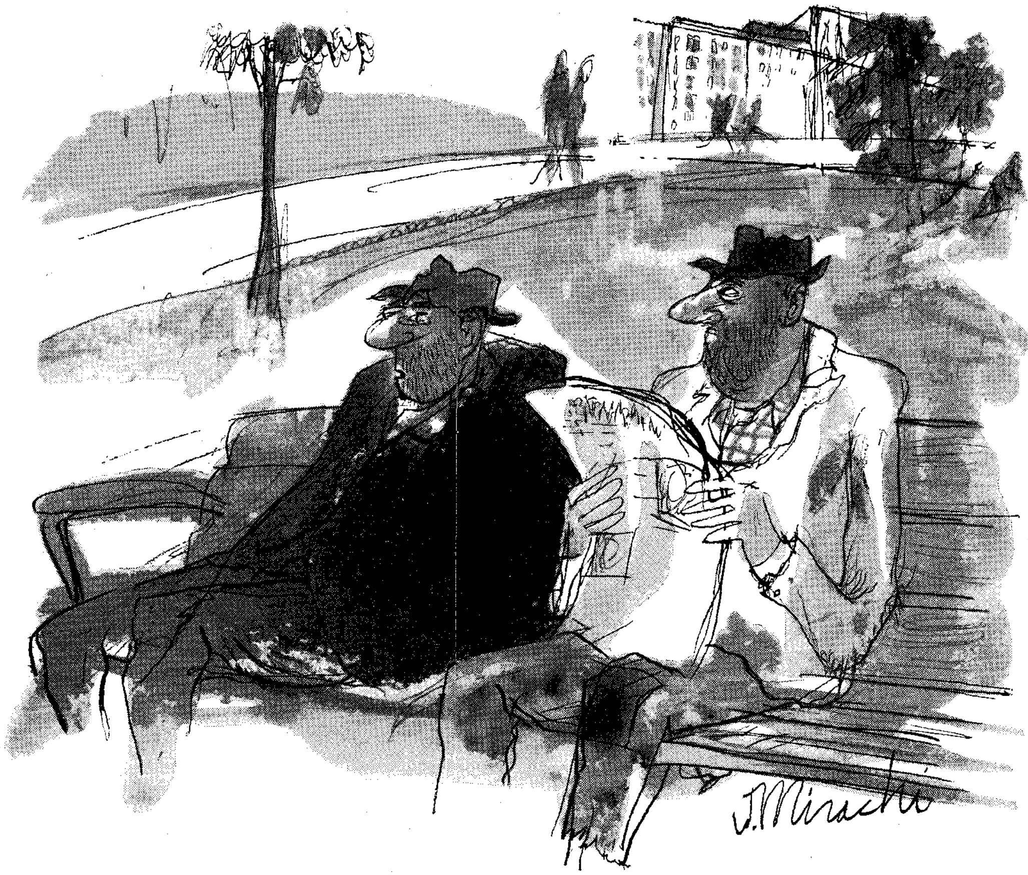
When they had soaked their handkerchiefs in the lily pond and washed off the midges, they rode on, came to the church, went in, sat down. Its proportions were ideal: it was larger than Miss Hobson's packing case, not so large as the face of nature. And somewhere about it a bell was ringing in a calm liturgical way.

"I can't understand why people don't make more use of their churches."

"Sectarianism," said Willie. "I don't suppose anyone will come near this place till Harvest Festival."

"Which is phallic, isn't it?"

At that moment an approaching voice remarked, "We brought



"My father told me, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' and I have always followed that advice. That's probably been my trouble."

nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

It was also certain that they could not escape; for a surpliced clergyman came in, preceding a coffin borne on the shoulders of six heated men in black cloth suits, and followed by a small group of partially blackened mourners. The coffin was put down on trestles and its wreaths adjusted, the mourners, stumbling over hassocks, filed into the front pews, the clergyman glided into the reading desk and began: “I said, I will take heed to my ways: that I offend not in my tongue;” to which the clerk responded hastily, “I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight.”

It seemed to Sally that the clerk’s glance aimed these words at her bare head and her blue slacks; in fact, Mr. Hicks was scanning the congregation with a professional eye for mourners whose grief might get out of hand. The corpse had been bad enough. At no time did the Reverend favor long-departed parishioners being brought back to take up room which the churchyard could ill spare, to cause upheavals in family graves which the course of time had flattened into an easy surface for the grass-cutter, to bring nearer the dreaded day of an extension encroaching on the rectory kitchen garden. The least they could do was to be punctual; and Charles Joliffe was almost three hours overdue, the hearse breaking down and none of them rightly knowing the way. *I became dumb and opened not. . . . When thou with rebukes dost chasten . . .* Me to the life, thought Mr. Hicks—the responses snatched from his lips before he’d half finished them. He would have his work cut out to keep up with Reverend, crackling ahead like a gorse fire. And if Reverend was like this in a verse and verse psalm, what wouldn’t he be in the Epistle, with the reins thrown over his neck and the smell of his stable, which in this case was his tea, not to say his dry Martini, firing his heels through the Fifteenth Corinthians?

. . . *forasmuch-as-ye-know-that-your-labour-is-not-in-vain-in-the-Lord.*

The coffin was lifted; its direction was reversed in a peculiar dance by the bearers. Preceded by the clergyman, followed by the mourners, it loomed down the aisle, it went past. One of the mourners paused beside Sally and Willie. “Thank you so much for coming,” she said. “It was so kind of you.” She hurried after the rest.

“That was a near thing,” said Willie. Sally nodded. He got up and began to read the pamphlets displayed on a table near the entrance. Presently he went to the door and peered out. “Still at it,” he mouthed; and wandered off to read mural tablets in the chancel. There was the sound of cars being started up. Running down the aisle where the coffin had gone so cumbrously, he whisked her into the porch just as the clergyman came in by a side door, pulling off his surplice.

“Do you think he’s a vicar or a rector?” said Sally, averting her eyes from the raw earth, the tumbled wreaths. “They ought to wear some distinguishing badge, like pips in the Army. And, of course, there are curates.” Her brave conversational voice snapped like a fiddle string. “Oh Willie, Willie! It’s so awful.” She burst into tears and clung to him. He patted her shoulder, smoothed her burrowing head, and stared at a smart new headstone. *Helena, Beloved Wife of Hubert Wilkins. Aged 71. At Rest.* It only left Sally fifty more.

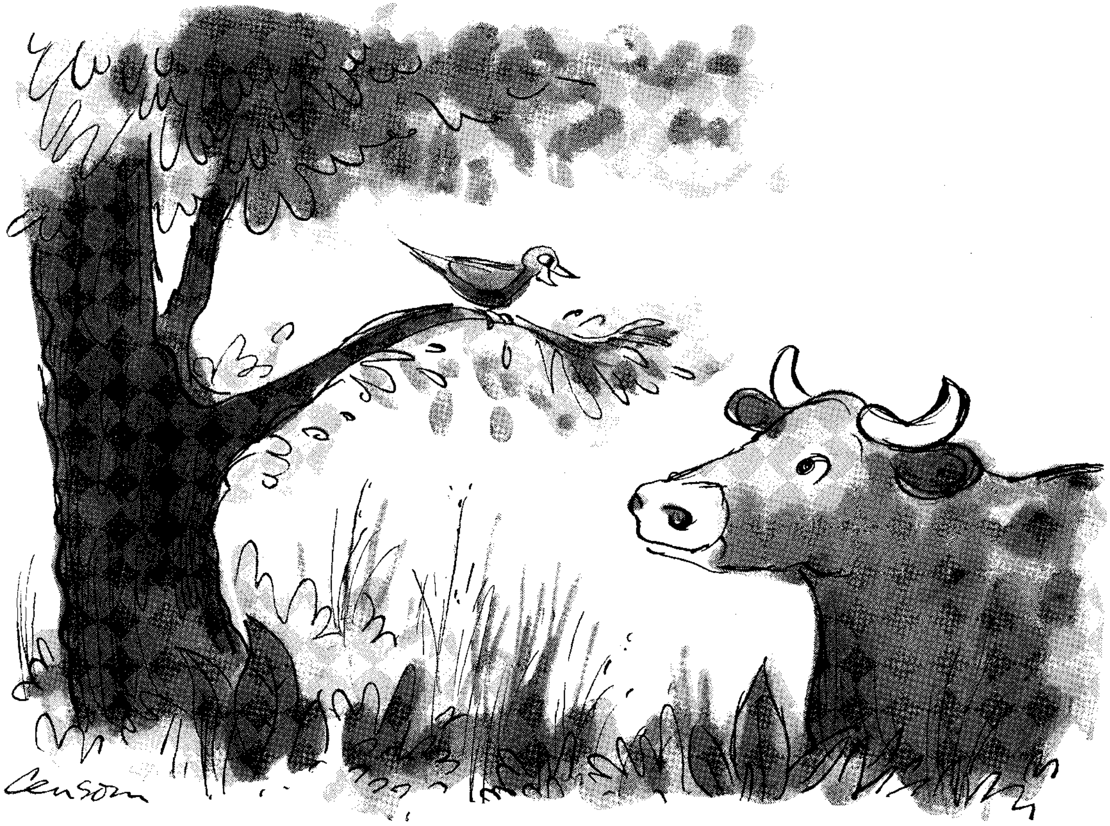
“So awful. Why can’t one just be cremated without having to die?”

It seemed a quite rational aspiration.

“The chances of a sudden death must be going up by leaps and bounds,” he said. “Come, my darling, let’s get out of this blackmailing churchyard.”

They found a lane and wandered along it till they came to a gate into a meadow. In the meadow was a large sycamore. They lay down in its shade. Forgetting that they were mortal, forgetting that they were hungry, not noticing that they were lying above an ants’ nest, they began to make love. He licked the delicious salt off her cheeks, she nibbled his nose. They fell asleep, and woke, vaguely wondering why they were there, and made love again. He cut an “S” and a “W” on the bole of the tree and framed them in a heart and finished off the heart with an arrow; and when they had vowed to come back every year on the seventeenth of July, they bicycled to The Goat and drank dog’s-nose and ate small porkpies of the meanest possible description with such abstracted greed that as the barman said later to the waitress it was plain to see what those two had been up to.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner



“I’m a songbird. What’s your function?”

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NAGA

THE boy took off the lid of the circular wicker basket and stood looking at the cobra coiled inside, and then said, "Naga, I hope you are dead, so that I may sell your skin to the pursemakers; at least that way you may become useful." He poked it with a finger. Naga raised its head and looked about with a dull wonder. "You have become too lazy even to open your hood. You are no cobra. You are an earthworm. I am a snake charmer attempting to show you off and make a living. No wonder so often I have to stand at the bus stop pretending to be blind and beg. The trouble is, no one wants to see you, no one has any respect for you, and no one is afraid of you, and do you know what that means? I starve, that is all."

Whenever the boy appeared at the street door, householders shooed him away. He had seen his father operate under similar conditions. His father would climb the steps of the house unmindful of the discouragement, settle down with his basket, and go through his act heedless of what anyone said. He would pull out his gourd pipe from the bag and play the snake tune over and over, until its shrill, ear-piercing note induced a torpor and made people listen to his preamble: "In my dream, God Shiva appeared and said, 'Go forth and thrust your hand into that crevice in the floor of my sanctum.' As you all know, Shiva is the Lord of Cobras, which he ties his braid with, and its hood canopies his head; the great God Vishnu rests in the coils of Adi-Shesha, the mightiest serpent, who also bears on his thousand heads this Universe. Think of the armlets on goddess Parvati! Again, elegant little snakes. How can we think that we are wiser than our gods? Snake is a part of a god's ornament, and not an ordinary creature. I obeyed Shiva's command—at midnight walked out and put my arm into the snake hole."

At this point his audience would shudder and someone would ask, "Were you bitten?"

"Of course I was bitten, but still you see me here, because the same god commanded, 'Find that weed growing on the old fort wall.' No, I am not going to mention its name, even if I am offered a handful of sovereigns."

"What did you do with the weed?"

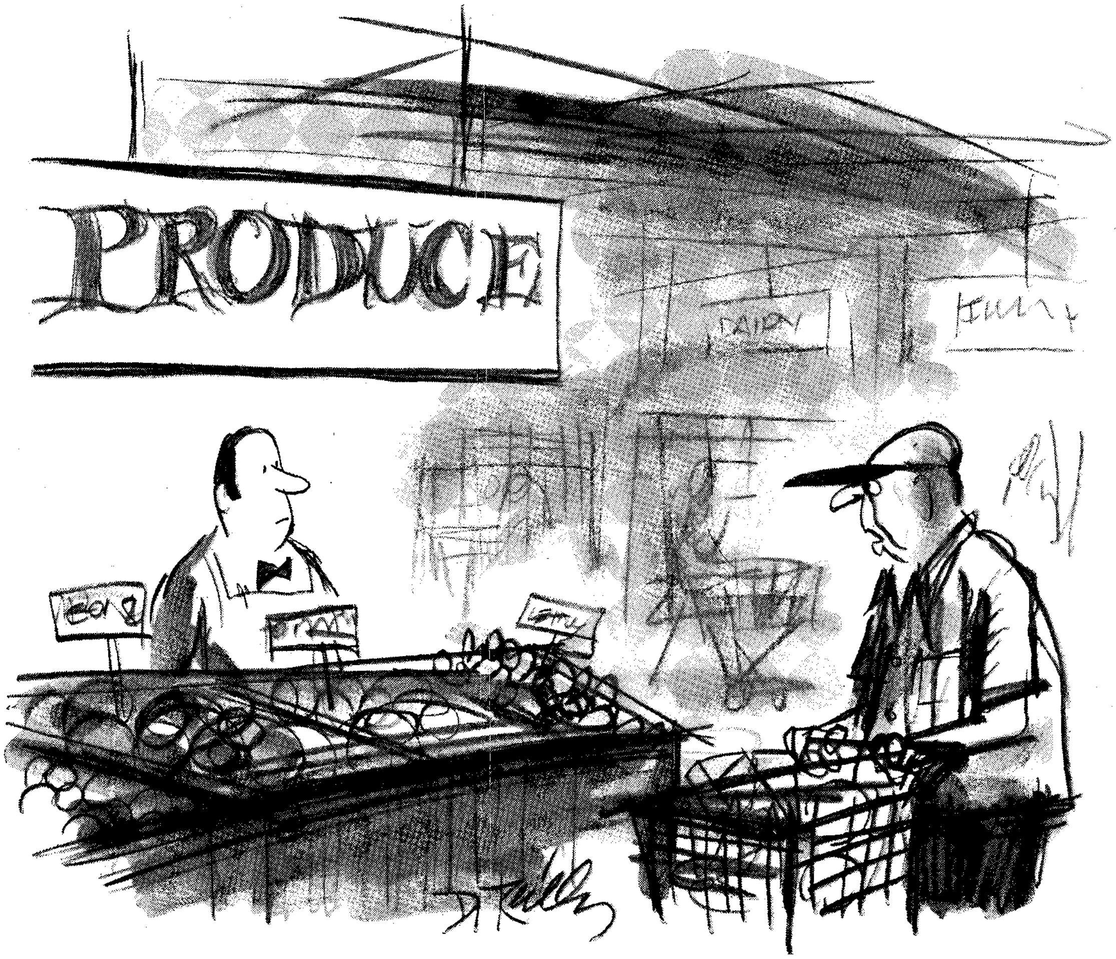
"I chewed it; thereafter no venom could enter my system. And the terrible fellow inside this basket plunged his fangs into my arms like a baby biting his mother's nipple, but I laughed and pulled him out, and knocked off with a piece of stone the fangs that made him so arrogant; and then he understood that I was only a friend and well-wisher, and no trouble after that. After all, what is a serpent? A great soul in a state of penance waiting to go back to its heavenly world. That is all, sirs."

After this speech, his father would flick open the basket lid and play the pipe again, whereupon the snake would dart up like springwork, look about, and sway a little; people would be terrified and repelled, but still enthralled. At the end of the performance, they gave him coins and rice, and sometimes an old shirt, too, and occasionally he wangled an egg if he observed a hen around; seizing Naga by the throat, he let the egg slide down its gullet, to the delight of the onlookers. He then packed up and repeated the performance at the next street or at the bazaar, and when he had collected sufficient food and cash he returned to his hut beside the park wall, in the shade of a big tamarind tree. He cooked the rice and fed his son, and they slept outside the hut, under the stars.

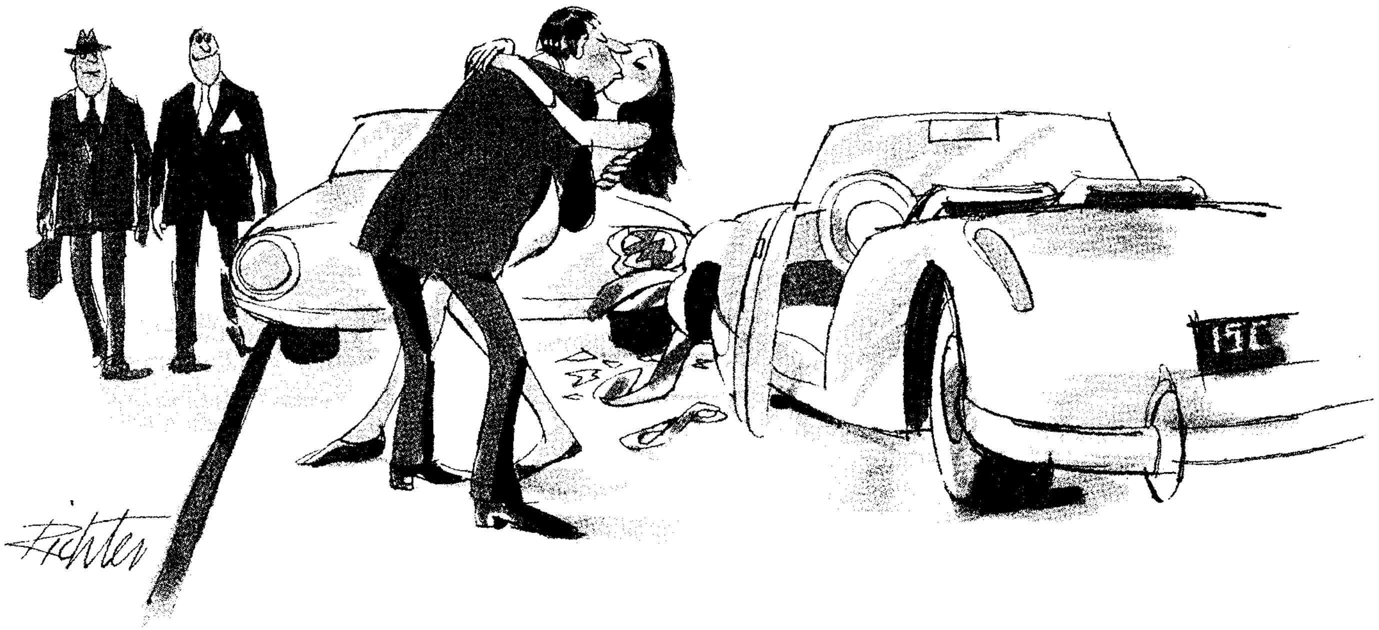
THE boy had followed his father ever since he could walk, and when he attained the age of ten his father let him handle Naga and harangue his audience in his own style. His father often said, "We must not fail to give Naga two eggs a week. When he grows old, he will grow shorter each day; someday he will grow wings and fly off, and do you know that at that time he will spit out the poison in his fangs in the form of a brilliant jewel, and if you possessed it you could become a king?"

ONE day when the boy had stayed beside the hut out of laziness, he noticed a tiny monkey gambolling amidst the branches of the tamarind tree and watched it with open-mouthed wonder, not even noticing his father arrive home.

"Boy, what are you look-



"Give me some of whatever the bleeding hearts are boycotting."



"Hey, look! We don't have no-fault already, do we?"

ing at? Here, eat this," said the father, handing him a packet of sweets. "They gave it to me at that big house, where some festival is going on. Naga danced to the pipe wonderfully today. He now understands all our speech. At the end of his dance, he stood six feet high on the tip of his tail, spread out his hood, hissed, and sent a whole crowd scampering. Those people enjoyed it, though, and gave me money and sweets." His father looked happy as he opened the lid of the basket. The cobra raised its head. His father held it up by the neck, and forced a bit of a sweet between its jaws, and watched it work its way down. "He is now one of our family and should learn to eat what we eat," he said. After struggling through the sweet, Naga coiled itself down, and the man clapped the lid back.

The boy munched the sweet with his eyes still fixed on the monkey. "Father, I wish I were a monkey. I'd never come down from the tree. See how he is nibbling all that tamarind fruit. . . . Hey, monkey, get me a fruit!" he cried.

The man was amused, and said, "This is no way to befriend him. You should give him something to eat, not ask him to feed you."

At which the boy spat out his sweet, wiped it clean with his shirt, held it up, and cried, "Come on, monkey! Here!"

His father said, "If you call him 'monkey,' he will never like you. You must give him a nice name."

"What shall we call him?"

"Rama, name of the master of Hanuman, the Divine Monkey. Monkeys adore that name."

The boy at once called, "Rama, here, take this." He flourished his arms, holding up the sweet, and the monkey did pause in its endless antics and notice him. The boy hugged the tree trunk, and heaved himself up, and carefully placed the sweet on the flat surface of a forking branch, and the monkey watched with round-eyed wonder. The boy slid back to the ground and eagerly waited for the monkey to come down and accept the gift. While he watched and the monkey was debating within himself, a crow appeared from somewhere and took away the sweet. The boy shrieked out a curse.

His father cried, "Hey, what? Where did you learn this foul word? No monkey will respect you if you utter bad words." Ultimately, when the little monkey was tempted down with another piece of sweet, his father caught him deftly by the wrist, holding him off firmly by the scruff to prevent his biting.

Fifteen days of starvation, bullying, cajoling, and dangling of fruit before the monkey's eyes taught him what he was expected to do. First of all, he ceased trying to bite or scratch. And then he realized that his mission in life was to please his master by performing. At a command from his master, he could demonstrate how Hanuman, the Divine Monkey of the "Ramayana," strode up and down with tail ablaze and set Ravana's capital on fire; how an oppressed village daughter-in-law would walk home carrying a pitcher of water on her head; how a newlywed would address his beloved (chatter, blink, raise the brow, and grin); and, finally, what was natural to him—tumbling and acrobatics on top of a bamboo pole. When Rama was ready to appear in public, his master took him to a roadside-tailor friend of his and had him measured out for a frilled jacket, leaving the tail out, and a fool's cap held in position with a band under his small chin. Rama constantly tried to push his cap back and rip it off, but whenever he attempted it he was whacked with a switch, and he soon resigned himself to wearing his uniform until the end of the day. When his master stripped off Rama's clothes, the monkey performed spontaneous somersaults in sheer relief.

RAMA became popular. Schoolchildren screamed with joy at the sight of him. Householders beckoned to him to step in and divert a crying child. He performed competently, earned money for his master, and peanuts for himself. Discarded baby clothes were offered to him as gifts. The father-son team started out each day, the boy with the monkey riding on his shoulder and the cobra basket carried by his father at some distance away—for the monkey chattered and shrank, his face disfigured with fright, whenever the cobra hissed and reared itself up. While the young fellow managed to display the tricks of the monkey to a group, he could hear his father's pipe farther off. At the weekly market fairs in the villages around, they were a familiar pair, and they became prosperous enough to take a bus home at the end of the day. Sometimes as they started to get on, a timid passenger would ask, "What's to happen if the cobra gets out?"

"No danger. The lid is secured with a rope," the father replied.

There would always be someone among the passengers to remark, "A snake minds its business until you step on its tail."

"But this monkey?" another passenger said. "God knows what he will be up to!"

"He is gentle and wise," said the father, and offered a small tip to win the conductor's favor.

They travelled widely, performing at all market fairs, and earned enough money to indulge in an occasional tiffin at a restaurant. The boy's father would part company from him in the evening, saying, "Stay. I've a stomach ache; I'll get some medicine for it and come back," and return tottering late at night. The boy felt frightened of his father at such moments, and, lying on his mat, with the monkey tethered to a stake nearby, pretended to be asleep. Father kicked him and said, "Get up, lazy swine. Sleeping when your father slaving for you all day comes home for speech with you. You are not my son but a bastard." But the boy would not stir.

FOUR SONGS

In my first song I found
a rabbit's body,
fallen to tufts of fur,
to flesh stippled with maggots
where the ground received it.
I closed my eyes:
he tumbled, again, in the thick vines
at meadow's edge,
cried a rabbit's cry,
died a rabbit's death,
but my song tried to raise him
from the dead:
O, rabbit, shed
your blue coil of flies and worms
and walk whole.
But I walked home instead,
and empty as a bell.

In my second song I sang
as though the world were more than world,
the dead were never dead.
Two dogwoods blossomed,
died, and blossomed again.
I watched the body of a wren
flare and ruffle toward impossible flight
in the white sun.
At Gibbs Pond, the same spiders walked
on eyelash legs, the same bluegills
fanned their same nests in the same sands
year after year.
My Lord of eternal cricketsong, I come
to mark even the fireflies
whose lives, and through the thick dusk,
flash on and off and on
before my eyes.

Then I held my flesh over a flame,
smashed my bones against a wall,
called out his name,
cursed his desertion
into the long nights.
He didn't answer:
in my third song my father
lay as dead as stone.
And I went on alone, until,
one evening at St. James Harbor,
I reached the far shore of surrender.
And who could deny a world
so much of himself that even
the poised rocks shimmer in moonshine
and the waves whisper: *this*
is all you'll ever know, this
is all you need?

Lord of matter, and more, Lord
of Being, Lord of myself and the deep notes
of tides, creatures, trees
tending toward me almost beyond hearing,
reciprocal Lord of nothing, and all,
Lord of abandon,
Lord of the harbor's shine and haze,
Lord of mica,
I lodge my fourth song
in the thin book of praise.

—WILLIAM HEYEN

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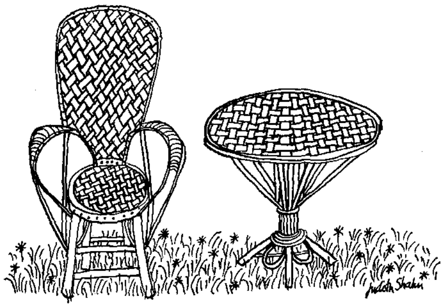
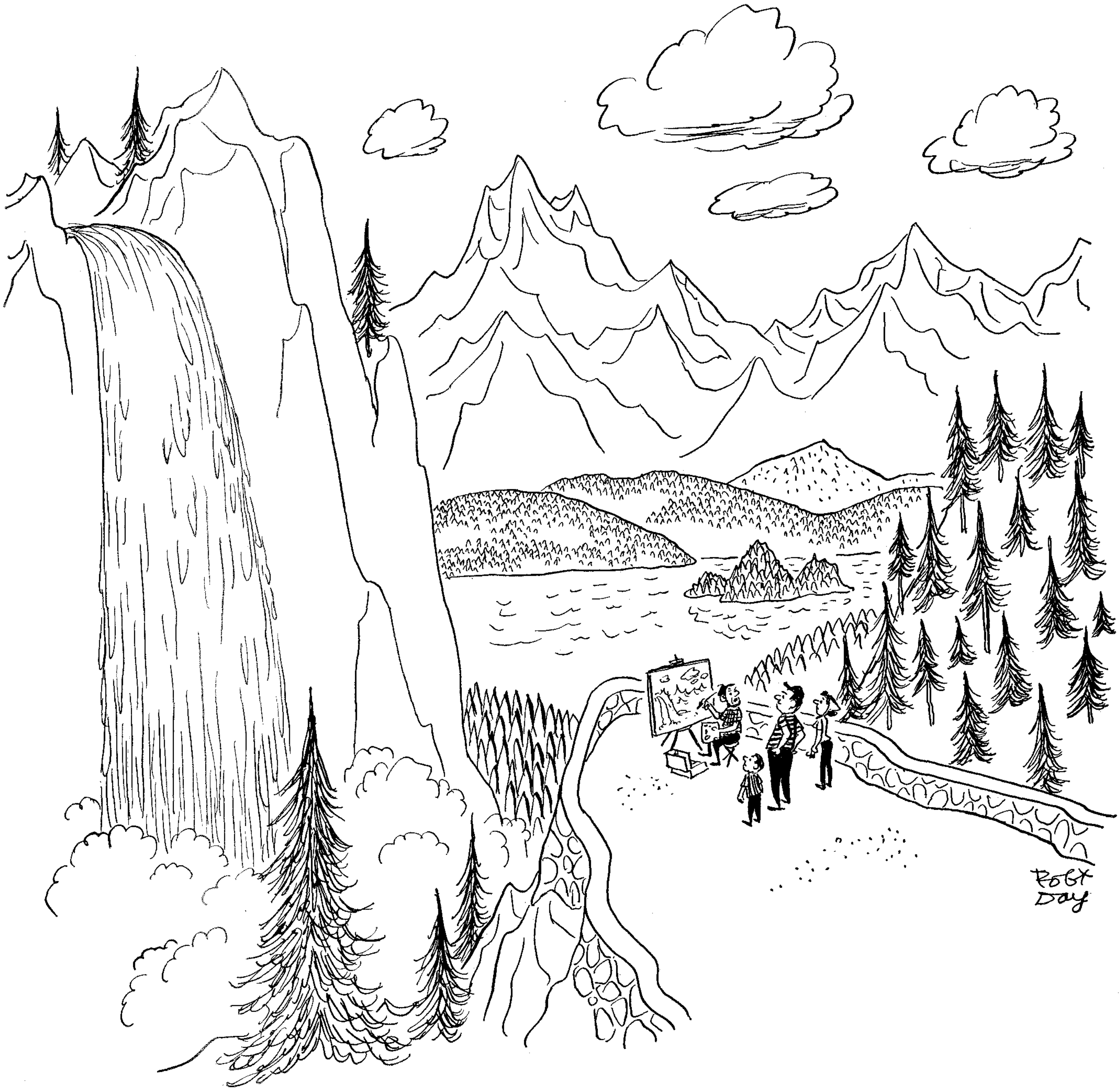
ONE night the boy really fell asleep, and woke up in the morning to find his father gone. The monkey was also missing. "They must have gone off together!" he cried. He paced up and down and called, "Father!" several times. He then peered into the hut and found the round basket intact in its corner. He noticed on the lid of the basket some coins, and felt rather pleased when he counted them and found eighty paise in small change. "It must all be for me," he said to himself. He felt promoted to adulthood, handling so much cash. He felt rich but also puzzled at his father's tactics. Ever since he could remember, he had never woken up without finding his father at his side. He had a foreboding that he was not going to see his father anymore. Father would never at any time go out without announcing his purpose—for a bath at the street tap, or to seek medicine for a "stomach ache," or to do a little shopping.

The boy lifted the lid of the basket to make sure that the snake at least was there. It popped up the moment the lid was taken off. He looked at it, and it looked at him for a moment. "I'm your master now. Take care." As if understanding the changed circumstances, the snake darted its forked tongue and half opened its hood. He tapped it down with his finger, saying, "Get back. Not yet." Would it be any use waiting for his father to turn up? He felt hungry. Wondered if it'd be proper to buy his breakfast with the coins left on the basket lid. If his father should suddenly come back, he would slap him for taking the money. He put the lid back on the snake, put the coins back on the lid as he had found them, and sat at the mouth of the hut, vacantly looking at the tamarind tree and sighing for his monkey, which would have displayed so many fresh and unexpected pranks early in the morning. He reached for a little cloth bag in which was stored a variety of nuts and fried pulses to feed the monkey. He opened the bag, examined the contents, and put a handful into his mouth and chewed: "Tastes so good. Too good for a monkey, but Father will . . ." His father always clouted his head when he caught him eating nuts meant for the monkey. Today he felt free to munch the nuts, although worried at the back of his mind lest his father should suddenly remember and come back for the monkey food. He found the gourd pipe in its usual place,





"A picture no artist can paint? What are you—a wise guy?"

• •

stuck in the thatch. He snatched it up and blew through its reeds, feeling satisfied that he could play as well as his father, and that the public would not know the difference; only it made him cough a little and gasp for breath. The shrill notes attracted the attention of people passing by the hut, mostly day laborers carrying spades and pickaxes and women carrying baskets, who nodded their heads approvingly and remarked, "True son of the father." Everyone had a word with him. All knew him in that colony of huts, which had cropped up around the water fountain. All the efforts of the municipality to dislodge these citizens had proved futile; the huts sprang up as often as they were destroyed, and when the municipal councillors realized the concentration of voting power in this colony, they let the squatters alone, except when some V.I.P. from Delhi passed that way, and then they were asked to stay out of sight, behind the park wall, till the eminent man had flashed past in his car.

"Why are you not out yet?" asked a woman.

"My father is not here," the boy said pathetically. "I do not know where he is gone." He sobbed a little.

The woman put down her basket, sat by his side, and asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I have money," he said.

She gently patted his head and said, "Ah, poor child! I knew your mother. She was a good girl. That she should have left you adrift like this and gone heavenward!" Although he had no memory of his mother, at the mention of her, tears rolled down his cheeks, and he licked them off with relish at the corner of his mouth. The woman suddenly said, "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know," he said. "Wait till my father comes."

"Foolish and unfortunate child. Your father is gone."

"Where?" asked the boy.

"Don't ask me," the woman said. "I talked to a man who saw him go. He saw him get into the early-morning bus, which goes up the mountains, and that strumpet in the blue sari was with him."

"What about the monkey?" the boy asked. "Won't it come back?"

She had no answer to this question. Meanwhile, a man hawking rice cakes on a wooden tray was crying his wares at the end of the lane. The woman hailed him in a shrill voice and ordered, "Sell this poor child two *idlies*. Give him freshly made ones, not yesterday's."

"Yesterday's stuff not available even for a gold piece," said the man.

"Give him the money," she told the boy. The boy ran in and fetched some money. The woman pleaded with the hawker, "Give him something extra for the money."

"What extra?" he snarled.

"This is an unfortunate child."

"So are others. What can I do? Why don't you sell your earrings and help him? I shall go bankrupt if I listen to people like you and start giving more for less money." He took the cash and went on. Before he reached the third hut, the boy had polished off the *idlies*—so soft and pungent, with green chutney spread on top.

The boy felt more at peace with the world now, and able to face his problems. After satisfying herself that he had eaten well, the woman rose to go, muttering, "Awful strumpet, to seduce a man from his child." The boy sat and brooded over her words. Though he gave no outward sign of it, he knew who the strumpet in the blue sari was. She lived in one of those houses beyond the park wall and was always to be found standing at the door, and seemed to be a fixture there. At the sight of her, his father would slow down his pace and tell the boy, "You keep going. I'll join you." The first time it happened, after waiting at the street corner, the boy tied the monkey to a lamppost and went back to the house. He did not find either his father or the woman where he had left them. The door of the house was shut. He raised his hand to pound on it, but restrained himself, and sat down on the step, wondering. Presently the door opened and his father emerged, with the basket slung over his shoulder as usual; he appeared displeased at the sight of the boy and raised his hand to strike him, muttering, "Didn't I say, 'Keep going'?" The boy ducked and ran down the street, and heard the blue-sari woman remark, "Bad, mischievous devil, full of evil curiosity!" Later, his father said, "When I say go, you must obey."

"What did you do there?" asked the boy, trying to look and sound innocent, and the man said severely, "You must not ask questions."

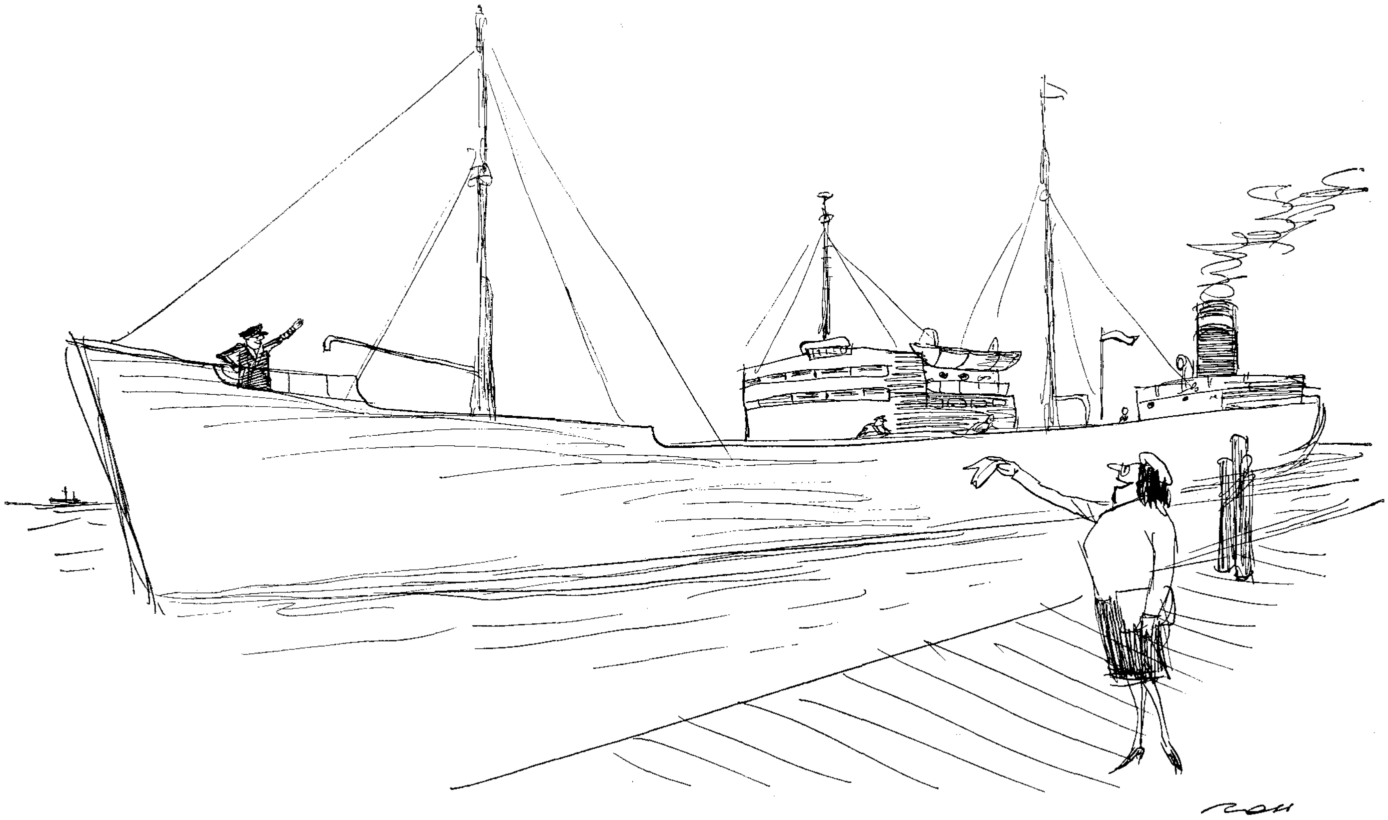
"Who is she? What is her name?"

"Oh, she is a relative," the man said. To further probing questions he said, "I went in to drink tea. You'll be thrashed if you ask more questions, little devil."

The boy said, as an afterthought, "I only came back thinking that you might want me to take the basket," whereupon his father said sternly, "No more talk. You must know, she is a good and lovely person." The boy did not accept this description of her. She had called him names. He wanted to shout from rooftops, "Bad, bad, and bad woman and not at all lovely!" but kept it to himself. Whenever they passed that way again, the boy quickened his pace, without looking left or right, and waited patiently for his father to join him at the street corner. Occasionally his father followed his example and passed on without glancing at the house if he noticed, in place of the woman, a hairy-chested man, standing at the door, massaging his potbelly.

THE boy found that he could play the pipe, handle the snake, and feed it also—all in the same manner as his father used to. Also, he could knock off the fangs whenever they started to grow. He earned enough each day, and as the weeks and months passed he grew taller, and the snake became progressively tardy and flabby and hardly stirred its coils. The boy never ceased to sigh for the monkey. The worst blow his father had dealt him was the kidnapping of his monkey.

WHEN a number of days passed without any earnings, he decided to rid himself of the snake, throw away the gourd pipe, and do something else for a living. Perhaps catch another monkey and train it. He had watched his father and knew how to go about this. A monkey on his shoulder would gain him admission anywhere, even into a palace. Later on, he would just keep it as a pet and look for some other profession. Start as a porter at the railway station—so many trains to watch every hour—and maybe get into one someday and out into the wide world. But the first step



"Bye, dear. Try not to spill anything."

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would be to get rid of Naga. He couldn't afford to find eggs and milk for him.

HE carried the snake basket along to a lonely spot down the river course, away from human habitation, where a snake could move about in peace without getting killed at sight. In that lonely part of Nallappa's grove, there were many mounds, crevasses, and anthills. "You could make your home anywhere there, and your cousins will be happy to receive you back into their fold," he said to the snake. "You should learn to be happy in your own home. You must forget me. You have become useless, and we must part. I don't know where my father is gone. He'd have kept you until you grew wings and all that, but I don't care." He opened the lid of the basket, lifted the snake, and set it free. It lay inert for a while, then raised its head, looked at the outside world without interest, and started to move along tardily, without any aim. After a few yards of slow motion, it turned about, looking for its basket home. At once the boy snatched up the basket and flung it far out of the snake's range. "You will not go anywhere else as long as I am nearby." He turned the snake round, to face an anthill, prodded it on, and then began to run at full speed in the opposite direction. He stopped at a distance, hid himself behind a tree, and watched. The snake was approaching the slope of the anthill. The boy had no doubt now that Naga would find the hole on its top, slip itself in, and vanish from his life forever. The snake crawled halfway up the hill, hesitated, and then turned round and came along in his direction again. The boy swore: "Oh, damned snake! Why don't you go back to your world and stay there? You won't find me again." He ran through Nallappa's grove and stopped to regain his breath. From where he stood, he saw his Naga glide along majestically across the ground, shining like a silver ribbon under the bright sun. The boy paused to say "Goodbye" before making his exit. But looking up he noticed a white-necked Brahmany kite sailing in the blue sky. "Garuda," he said in awe. As was the custom, he made obeisance to it by touching his eyes with his fingertips. Garuda was the vehicle of God Vishnu and was sacred. He shut his eyes in a brief prayer to the bird. "You are a god, but I know you eat snakes. Please leave Naga alone." He opened his eyes and saw the kite skimming along a little nearer, its shadow almost trailing the course of the lethargic snake. "Oh!" he screamed. "I know your purpose." Garuda would make a swoop and dive at the right moment and stab his claws into that foolish Naga, who had refused the shelter of the anthill, and carry him off for his dinner. The boy dashed back to the snake, retrieving his basket on the way. When he saw the basket, Naga slithered back into it, as if coming home after a strenuous public performance.

NAGA was eventually reinstated in his corner at the hut beside the park wall. The boy said to the snake, "If you don't grow wings soon enough, I hope you will be hit on the head with a bamboo staff, as it normally happens to any cobra. Know this: I will not be guarding you forever. I'll be away at the railway station, and if you come out of the basket and adventure about, it will be your end. No one can blame me afterward." —R. K. NARAYAN

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B.P.W. OUTING

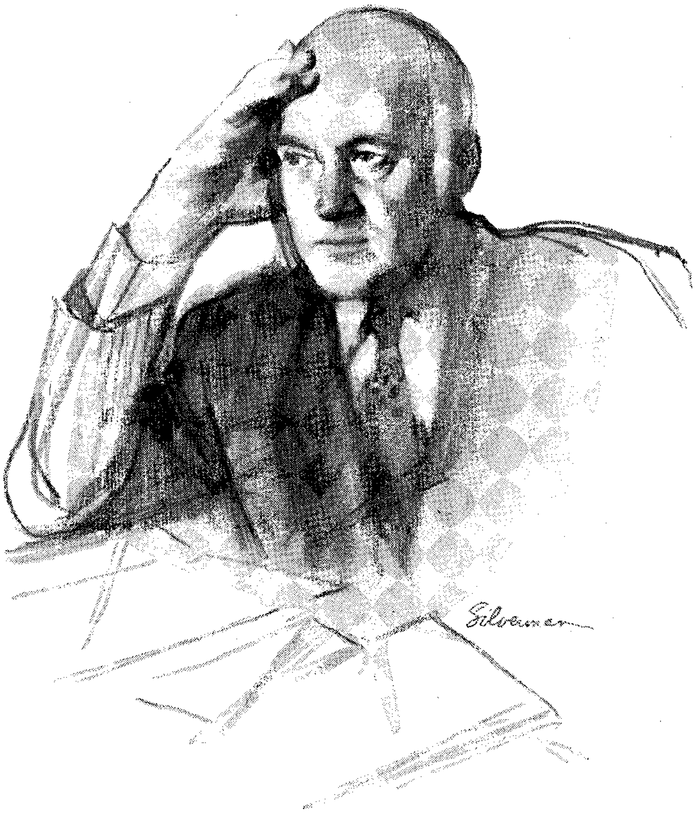
The Corning Business and Professional Women's Club, Inc. took their annual outing Sunday, July 2, and spent an enjoyable day in Omaha, Nebr.

They attended the show "Fiddler on a Hot Tin Roof" at the Admiral Theatre, then had dinner at Trentino's and spent some time listening to the entertainment of Merrill Sparks.—*Corning (Iowa) Adams County Free Press.*

Who's better than Tennessee Aleichem any old day.

PROFILES

VISCERAL LEARNING—II



Dr. Neal E. Miller

THE relationship between fact and theory in creative scientific research is not nearly as straightforward as the general public has been led to believe. The layman usually thinks of a theory as an attempt to make sense out of a mass of accumulated facts, but one function of a scientific theory is to define a problem in objective terms that will permit relevant facts to be gathered. According to Dr. Neal E. Miller, a professor of physiological psychology at the Rockefeller University, in New York, "a theory may be fruitful, leading to valuable research, even though it is eventually proved to be wrong—or, indeed, *because* it is formulated specifically enough so that it can be disproved." The role that mistaken theories often play in advancing human knowledge is an aspect of the scientific method that most scientists do not like to stress—just as they do not like to talk about the importance of such subjective factors as intuition and emotion in determining which theories are dismissed without ever being put to a serious test. Miller once told an international congress of psychologists in Moscow, "Published reports of research are written with the wisdom of hindsight. They leave out the initial blind groping and fumbling to save journal space (and perhaps also to save face), and exclude almost all of those attempts that are abandoned as failures. Therefore, they present a misleading picture, which is far too orderly and simple, of the actual process of trying to extend the frontiers of science into unknown territory." The specific example Miller had in mind was the zigzag line of research and reasoning that culminated in his own laboratory demonstration of visceral learning during the late nineteen-sixties.

It is now an established fact that human beings can learn to control their glands and internal organs by direct or indirect means. Researchers at Harvard, the University of California, the University of Tennessee, the University of Florida, the Rockefeller University, and several other institutions, have taught subjects to make adjustments in such vital functions as blood pressure, brain waves, and heart rate. Aside from the possible medical applications, this research is bound to affect the way people think about themselves and their bodies. The first reports about visceral learning in the professional journals were interpreted in the nonscientific press as proving the existence of some occult power of "mind over matter." Yet Miller, who helped lay the theoretical groundwork for research into visceral learning and performed many of the experiments that clearly showed such learning to be possible, maintains that a man's ability to gain control of his blood pressure or heart rate is no different in principle from his ability to learn to tie his shoelaces, drive a car, sing on key, or solve a problem in advanced calculus. The common principle, in Miller's view, is the tendency of all higher organisms to repeat those patterns of behavior which are instrumental in gaining rewards or escaping punishments. To avoid using subjective terminology when talking about learning, behavioral scientists usually speak of rewards and punishments as reinforcing the connection between a particular stimulus and a particular response. For such scientists, the reinforced stimulus-response connection is the essence of the learning process. Among his colleagues, Miller's name is closely associated with a specific theory about learning known as the drive-reduction hypothesis. A drive, according to Miller, is any strong stimulus—such as a sharp pain—that goads an organism into action. In a typical learning situation, the organism will run through a variety of responses in trial-and-error fashion as long as the stimulus continues at high intensity. The first response that is followed by a decrease in the intensity of the drive stimulus will be reinforced—which simply means that this response will probably appear much more quickly the next time the organism faces a similar situation. For example, the pain of a headache may lead a person to place cold compresses on his forehead and to lie down in a darkened room. If the headache persists, the person may eventually remember an advertisement he saw for Brand X headache tablet, and he may ask a friend to run down to the drugstore to get some. If his headache goes away shortly after he takes a Brand X tablet, he will probably reach for Brand X as soon as his next headache begins.

To say that reinforcement—and therefore learning—can sometimes result from drive reduction is to state the obvious. But in what Miller calls the strong form of the drive-reduction hypothesis he goes on to suggest that all reinforcement, and therefore all learning, can be attributed to the same mechanism. In other words, there is no such thing as pleasure per se; any enjoyment we derive from a pleasant reward like food or drink is actually the body's way of registering a decrease in pain or discomfort. At first glance, this appears to be a gloomy, not to say perverse, view of human nature. Miller concedes that the strong form of the drive-reduction hypothesis has "a considerably less than fifty per cent chance of being correct." Yet some of his most important work during the past thirty-five years, including the visceral-learning project, grew out of his efforts to apply drive-reduction principles to specific problems in the laboratory, and he has vigorously defended the hypothesis against its many critics—"if only," he says, "to highlight the obstacles, and infuriate others into devising superior hypotheses and the experimental programs to support them."

ALTHOUGH Miller's basic approach to the mysteries of the nervous system seems to be based on a kind of intellectual puritanism, his life outside the laboratory belies the image. He and his wife, Marion, live in a comfortable five-room apartment in the East Seventies, a short walk from Miller's spacious corner office, overlooking the East River, at the Rockefeller University. Part of his heritage from a childhood in the Pacific Northwest—his father was chairman of the Department of Psychology and Education at Western Washington State College, in Bellingham—is an abiding love for the outdoors. Miller and his wife get away from the city as often as possible to their weekend house, in Guilford, Connecticut, where he raises tomatoes ("because they're so easy"), and an especially sweet variety of corn called Illinois Chief. The Millers also own a rustic summer home on a lake in Maine, which they bought in 1961, when Miller was a professor of psychology at Yale. "It's not very practical now, but we haven't been able to bring ourselves to give it up," Miller says. He tries to spend a few weeks there each year with his family, indulging his passion for fishing. "I take along a pile of work in case I get bored—a precaution which insures that I don't get bored."

The Millers have two children, York, a twenty-two-year-old graduate of Harvard, who is entering Duke University Medical School in the fall, and Sara, a nineteen-year-old sophomore at the Rochester Institute of Technology, who is interested in weaving and textile design. Miller takes his role as a father very seriously, but he says that he made no special effort to apply the principles of learning theory while raising his family. "I'm sure the general principles do apply, but in my opinion we just don't have a science of child-rearing yet. There's too much ignorance about the important variables to go into human engineering with any confidence. In fact, my children taught me more about the complexities of human motivation than anything I taught them."

The Miller household has always included pets of some kind. At present, Miller and his wife share their apartment with a friendly, shaggy mongrel named Blackie, who was a subject in one of the early visceral-learning experiments at Yale. In those days, Miller and his associates borrowed the dogs they needed from the animal pool at the Yale School of Medicine; when the psychologists were through with them, the dogs were returned to the medical school, where they were ultimately used in what medical researchers refer to as acute experiments. "But we liked this one so much," Miller says, "that we decided to save it." Blackie appears to be a perfectly normal dog in every way except for his strange, muted bark—a result of an operation on his vocal cords, which was performed on all canine subjects in the laboratory to keep down the noise level.

Like most experimental psychologists, Miller has an attitude of compassion and pragmatism toward the use of animals in scientific research. "You take every precaution to see that they don't suffer unnecessary pain," he says. "But if the study of animal behavior can help alleviate the human suffering caused by physical and mental disorders, I see no alternative. I can respect the point of view of an anti-vivisectionist—especially if he's also a vegetarian—but, essentially, my sympathies are with human beings." Miller finds an almost perfect expression of his feelings in the tech-

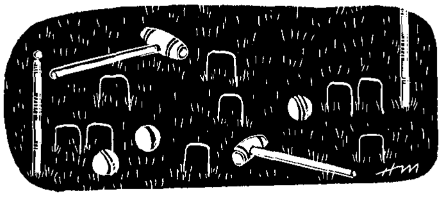
"Well, the purple batter with the green skin hit the yellow ball with the orange bat between the chartreuse first baseman and the red second baseman into blue right field, and the magenta scoreboard lit up all violet 'It's a hit!'"

nical use of the term "sacrifice," which sometimes appears in scientific papers to describe the killing of an animal to permit a complete anatomical and histological examination. ("After testing, the animal was sacrificed. Its brain was frozen, sectioned, stained, and examined microscopically. . . .")

Through his father, an educational psychologist trained at the University of Chicago by John Dewey and James Rowland Angell, Miller developed an early appreciation of the scientific outlook. He remembers that his father frequently brought home books on general scientific topics and left them lying around the house where a young boy was likely to discover them. But, despite his growing interest in science, Miller was never aware of any pressure to follow in his father's footsteps, and only in his senior year in college, at the University of Washington, did he decide to major in psychology. After receiving a Bachelor of Science degree, in 1931, he went on to take an M.S. at Stanford, where he studied with Lewis Terman. Although Terman is best known as the author of the Stanford-Binet I.Q. test, he was also interested in theories of personality development, and he expressed strong admiration both for the insights of Sigmund Freud and for the work of Clark L. Hull, professor of psychology at Yale University's Institute of Human Relations. In 1932, Miller went to Yale as a doctoral candidate and was immediately drawn into Hull's orbit.

The purpose of the Institute of Human Relations was to bring together researchers from the fields of sociology, psychiatry, anthropology, and experimental psychology to work on important problems that cut across the traditional academic boundaries. Hull's ambition was to create a general theory of behavior sophisticated enough to account for the higher mental processes and broad enough to unify the two pioneering (and sometimes antagonistic) schools of behavioral science—one stemming from the work of the Russian physiologist Ivan P. Pavlov and the other from the work of the American psychologist Edward L. Thorndike, who is credited with the first rigorous investigation of trial-and-error, or instrumental, learning.

As every high-school student knows, one of the milestones in the history of modern science was Pavlov's demonstration, early in this century, that a dog can be conditioned to salivate at the sound of a ringing bell. The subject in that classic experiment was an animal whose salivary gland had been attached to a glass tube extending through its cheek, so that the secretion could be collected and accurately measured. The dog, immobilized in a leather harness, was put through a series of training trials. In each trial, a bell was rung just as meat powder was applied to the animal's tongue. After a number of close pairings between the meat powder (which elicits salivation) and the sound of the bell, the dog began to salivate immediately on hearing the bell, even when the meat powder was omitted. Pavlov originally called this phenomenon a psychic reflex but it soon became known as a conditioned reflex. He recognized that the phenomenon was worth exploring systematically, and he devoted the rest of his life to this task. In the vocabulary that Pavlov adopted to describe his findings, the meat powder was labelled an "unconditioned stimulus" and the bell was labelled a "conditioned stimulus." Careful research showed that the more frequently the two stimuli were paired in successive training trials, the stronger the salivary response would be to the ringing of the bell alone. Conversely, after the conditioned reflex had been established, repeated ringing of the bell alone led to a



FLOWERS

After a lot of sleep it is difficult
to wake up, for hours you stumble through
the new dream, is that life, we say,

it is like life, the stumbling
of right foot, left foot, the woman
on the street you might stab because she is like

your mother or a beloved mistress grown old,
because her hands stretch out to you over such
sunlit distances they could not be real, each

vein swollen by a lifetime of sick relatives,
difficult births, and missed trains,
in your pockets are the broken halves

of pastel tickets. The zinnias emerge
out of such hardiness, coarse and lively, plucked
by the wife of the fishman and by slow,

whitened housewives who emerge just
as the dew has gone from the dry grass
into their yards, and it is their husbands

in those flowers, the neatly trimmed bed. Idly,
with hatred, they sweep a hand to the invading grass
there and there. It is their husbands' lives

they have cleaned, they are sure of it, but fragments
of fear turn over in their hearts like new hard earth, hands
that get out the sweeper, furiously track it down, the dust,

the fear, tuck it into bags to be emptied, the trouble
given to the garbage man who can somehow deal with it. Still
they lie in their beds at night and hear the insects come

to live among their flowers, their minds are not easy
until the morning, when they emerge again in colorful housecoats
to move stiffly among the zinnias, the soft poppies

they love, like the hearts of the husbands they
desired and return to the bell
of the telephone, clean out their purses, drop

aspirin in the water in the vase
to help the cut flowers live longer.

—CAROLYN MAISEL

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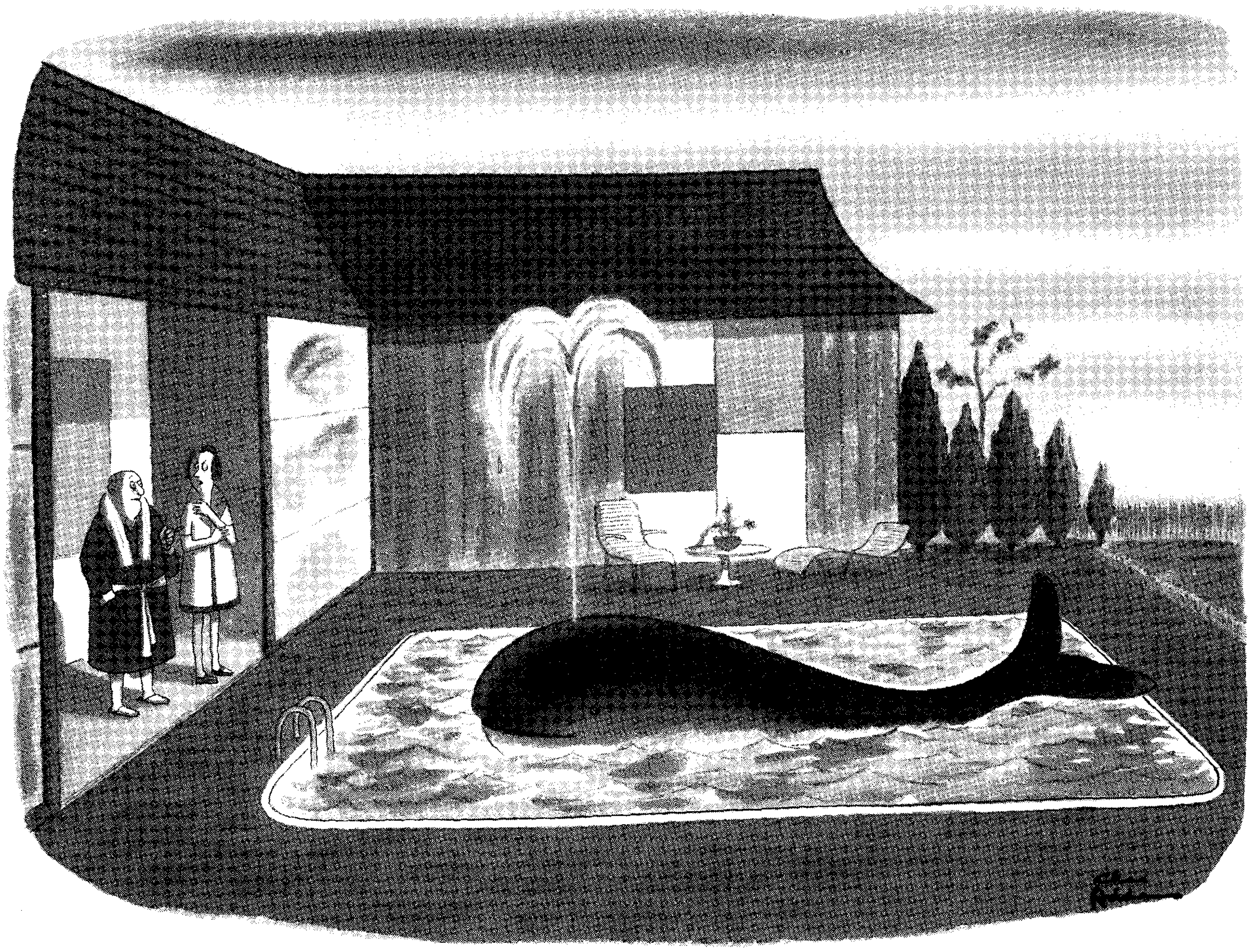

"'Thar she blows.' Is that all you can say?"

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progressive weakening of the response, and eventually to its extinction—as if the animal had gradually unlearned the lesson that bell and food went together. Pavlov also noted that a response that had been conditioned to the sound of a particular bell also occurred when bells with slightly different tones were rung, but that the animal could be taught to make a very fine discrimination if the experimenter was careful to reinforce responses to one tone only and to extinguish all responses to other tones.

By one of those strange coincidences in the history of science, Pavlov's work on conditioned reflexes at the turn of the century was paralleled by Thorndike's studies of trial-and-error learning. In a typical experiment performed in his laboratory, at Columbia University, Thorndike placed a hungry cat in a puzzle box—a specially designed wooden cage with a latched door that could be opened from the inside if the cat pulled on a loop of string. Outside the door, in full view of the animal, was a dish of food. The cat's first reaction was to go into a frenzy of scratching, biting, and butting at the inside of the cage. In the course of these more or less random responses, the cat eventually swiped at the loop of string with its paw, and the door sprang open. In subsequent trials with the same animal, the period preceding the correct response became shorter and shorter, and the cat's trial-and-error behavior was confined more and more to the general vicinity of the string, until eventually the cat went straight to the string as soon as it was placed in the cage. Thorndike coined the term "law of effect" to describe the gradual strengthening, or reinforcement, of the responses that led to the reward (which in this case included both the food and the chance to escape from confinement).

The most notable difference between the work of Pavlov and that of Thorndike is that Pavlovian conditioning—also known as classical conditioning—is applicable only to responses for which an unconditioned stimulus can be found. For example, without the use of meat powder (or some equivalent stimulus that normally elicits salivation), Pavlov could never have trained a dog to salivate at the sound of a bell. Similarly, before eye blinking can be attached to some neutral stimulus, the experimenter must find a stimulus—a jet of air, say—that reliably elicits eye blinking in the subject. There is no way that meat powder can be used to condition an eyeblink, or a jet of air to condition salivation. By contrast, a researcher using Thorndike's approach and just *one* reward can manipulate virtually any response that the subject is physically capable of.

Despite the obviously greater flexibility of the instrumental techniques pioneered by Thorndike, it was Pavlov's work that became virtually synonymous with behavioral psychology in the popular imagination. This was partly because Pavlov had already formulated a coherent (if highly controversial) theory to account for his experimental data. But perhaps the most important factor in assuring the widespread dissemination of Pavlovian ideas—in this country, at least—was their adoption by John B. Watson, a professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University from 1908 to 1920. Watson issued a call as early as

Wm Hamilton

"How can we get sick of the ceaseless round of parties out here unless we start getting invited to some?"

• •

1913 for a completely objective science of behavior, untainted by the sterile attitudes and assumptions of the then dominant school of introspective psychology. Having learned of Pavlov's experiments, probably through reports in French scientific journals, Watson came to the conclusion that even the most complex forms of learned behavior could be built up out of chains of conditioned reflexes—as the most complex molecules are built up out of atoms. Although the English translation of Pavlov's definitive work, "Conditioned Reflexes," did not appear until 1927, Watson was proclaiming a full decade earlier that the key to the learning process, and therefore the key to all behavior, was already in the hands of the behavioral psychologists. In addition to doing original research with animals and human infants, Watson was an indefatigable propagandist. He joyfully entered into public battle with the old-line introspective psychologists, and at the same time took issue with the newfangled Freudians, who had some revolutionary ideas of their own, and who had been receiving a great deal of attention in the popular press since Freud visited the United States in 1909. The initial impact of Watson's polemical efforts was extraordinary. When his book "Behaviorism" appeared, in 1925, the New York *Herald Tribune* called it "perhaps . . . the most important book ever written," and the *Times* declared, "It marks an epoch in the intellectual history of man."

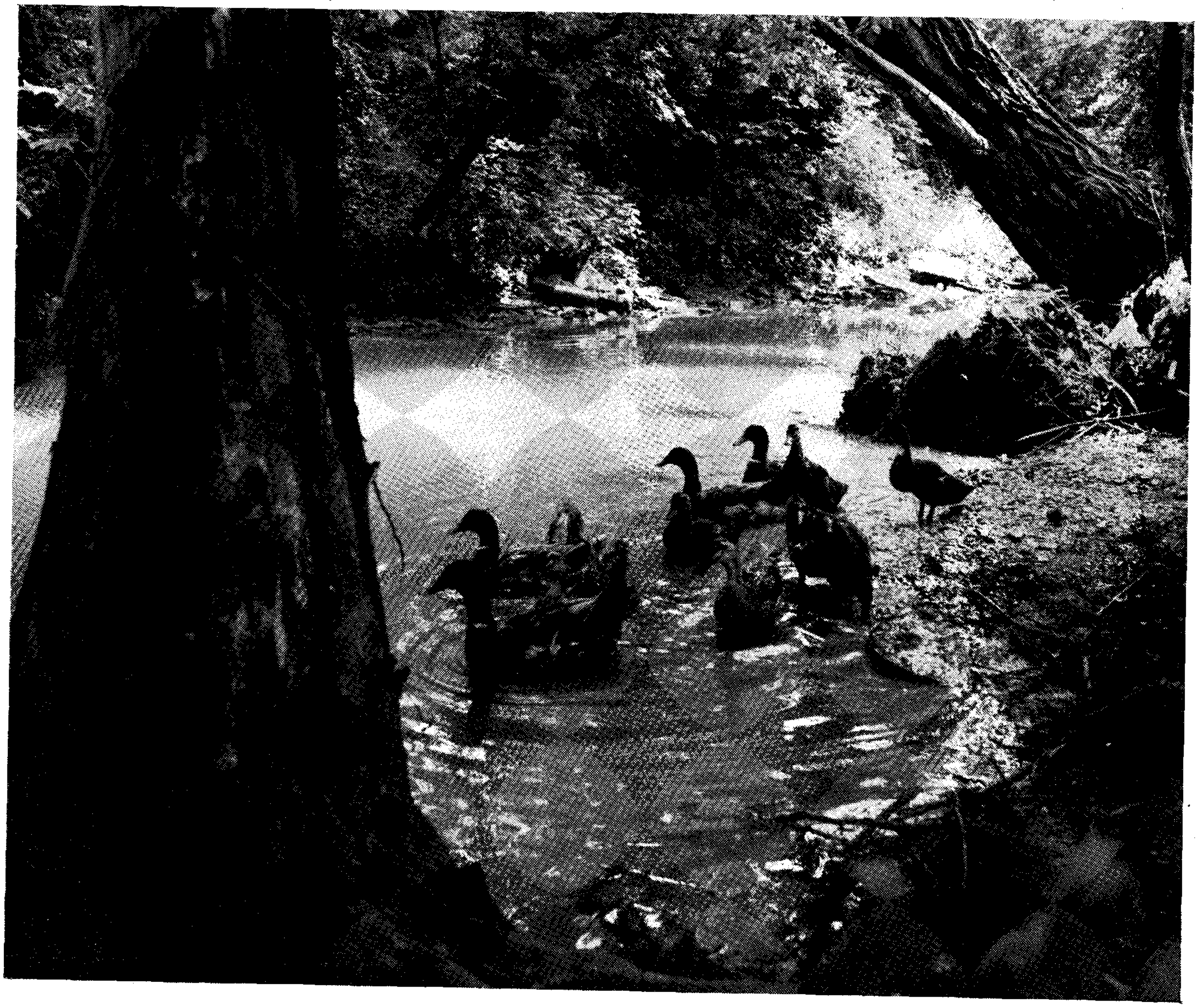
But it was not long before a reaction set in. Watson's language was often more worthy of the advertising man than of the serious scientist. (In 1920, he was forced to resign his academic post as a result of a divorce scandal, and he did, in fact, pursue a successful career in advertising after that.) Watson defined the goal of psychology as "the prediction and control of behavior," and he spoke as if that goal were well within reach. In "Behaviorism" he wrote:

> Give me a dozen healthy infants, well formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in, and I'll guarantee to take anyone at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select—doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief, and yes, even beggarman and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors.

After such a fanfare, even the most impressive achievements of Watson and his followers seemed somehow paltry and beside the point. Their insistence that every response could be reduced to physiological changes in nerves and muscles gained them the reputation of being interested only in "muscle twitches." Even more damaging was the critical line taken by the so-called cognitive theorists, who argued that while a stimulus-response model might be valid for explaining simple physical and emotional reactions, a more sophisticated theory was needed to account for man's rational and creative thought processes. Although the critics of early behaviorism failed to provide a satisfactory alternative theory, it soon became obvious that Watson's original stimulus-response approach was too limited to live up to its advance billing.

During the nineteen-thirties and forties, the two most influential behavioral scientists in America were Clark Hull and B. F. Skinner. Skinner, who has been a professor of psychology at Harvard since 1948, honed Thorndike's law of effect into a precision tool for the control of behavior. Skinner placed his emphasis on the variables that affect the subject's rate of response. For example, to show how an animal's apparently random responses can be shaped into the most complicated performances he devised a dramatic classroom presentation involving an untrained pigeon in a confined space and a food dispenser. In a recent conversation with an interviewer, Skinner described this experiment:

> I ask the class what they want to see the pigeon do—within reason, of course—and in a matter of minutes the pigeon is pacing a figure eight, or bowing to the audience, or what have you. It is a simple



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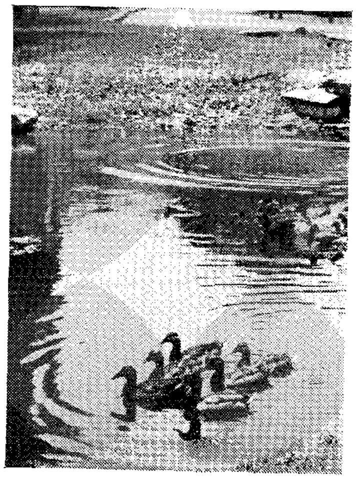

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> matter of operating the food dispenser at the right time. You can't wait for the pigeon to pace a figure eight before you reinforce it; you'd wait forever. You choose any response which will contribute to that figure eight. You select from available responses any which will lead to the response you are to produce.

The persistence of a learned response is also a function of the schedule of reinforcement, as Skinner has demonstrated:

> If you reinforce every response, then every second response, then every fifth, then every tenth, twenty-fifth, fiftieth, and hundredth, you can get a pigeon to go on indefinitely, responding one hundred times for each small measure of food. Actually, you can build up to 10,000 responses for each small measure of food. But it takes programming. You can't reach the final stage without going through intervening stages.

Hull's chief contributions to behaviorism were on a more rarefied, theoretical plane. Like Watson, he believed that there were certain regularities of behavior common to all higher organisms and that these could be best described by stimulus-response terminology. In his major theoretical work, "Principles of Behavior," Hull declared, "For the purposes of analyzing behavior, we have to assume that man is a machine." But there was nothing that said the machine had to be stupid. Hull did not think that learning could be reduced to the simplicity of the conditioned reflex. Rather, he and his students at Yale's Institute of Human Relations saw Pavlovian conditioning as a special case of the broad phenomenon of learning—which Hull described as "the highest and most significant phenomenon produced by the processes of organic evolution."

Pavlov's work had provided experimental psychologists with a useful laboratory tool, but learning theory had to expand its horizons far beyond the conditioned reflex before one could talk about the "prediction and control" of all behavior. In keeping with this general attitude at the Institute, Miller's first project after he received his Ph.D., in 1935, was to examine yet another special case in modern psychology—the clinically oriented work of Sigmund Freud—from the perspective of stimulus-response learning theory. Unfortunately, there were a couple of serious technical problems standing in Miller's way: first, he didn't know enough about Freud's work, and, second, he didn't have enough money to pursue his studies. "The way you studied psychoanalysis in those days was to be analyzed yourself, preferably by someone at the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute, or, even better, by Freud himself," Miller explained recently. Although research funds were hard to come by in the middle of the Depression, Miller applied to the Social Science Research Council, in Washington, and, with the help of his Yale sponsors, received a fellowship to study abroad. This got him to Vienna, but it was not enough to get him onto the Master's couch. Miller still has in his possession two letters (one in German and one in English) in which Dr. Freud expressed interest in the young American's research project but went on to explain that because of his many pressing obligations—specifically, the large number of relatives he had to support—he had been forced to set a minimum fee for his services: a hundred Austrian schillings, or about twenty dollars, per hour of analysis. "If I had known then how many people would ask me what Freud was like, I'd have requested at least one hour's worth just to talk to him," Miller says. "But twenty dollars seemed like too much money at the time." On the Master's personal recommendation, he settled for one of Freud's students, Dr. Heinz Hartmann, who charged much less. (Hartmann later became a well-known analyst in New York.)

Miller considered his eight months of psychoanalysis under Hartmann a highly successful "learning experience." Returning to Yale in the fall of 1936, he entered into a close working relationship with a young sociologist named John Dollard, who had a special interest in the cultural and clinical applications of learning theory. In two major collaborative efforts, "Social Learning and Imitation," published in 1941, and "Personality and Psychotherapy," published in 1950, Miller and Dollard tried to show how a sophisticated approach to learning theory could clarify even the most puzzling manifestations of the higher mental processes. To begin with, they defined "stimulus" and "response" in purely operational terms—the operation in this case being the learning process. By so doing, they hoped to extend and deepen the stimulus-response analysis of behavior until it was able to account for virtually any alteration in an organism's internal or external environment—including such elusive mental phenomena as unspoken thoughts, deliberate shifts in attention, ups and downs in such emotional states as fear and anxiety, and even the perception of similarities and discrepancies in spatial patterns or temporal sequences of events.

In any complex living organism, a vast number of stimuli are constantly

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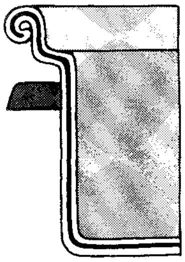

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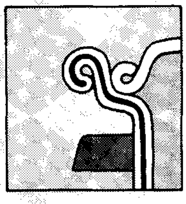

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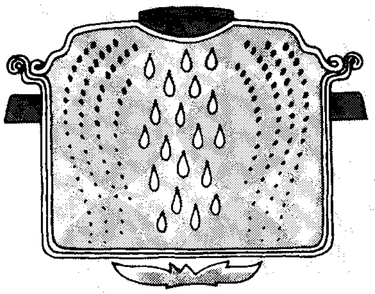

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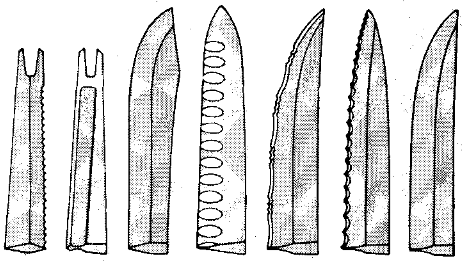

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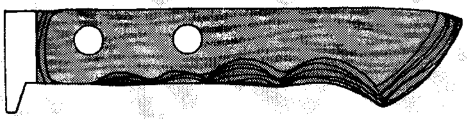

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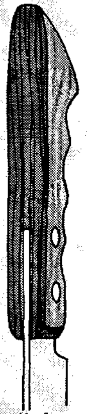

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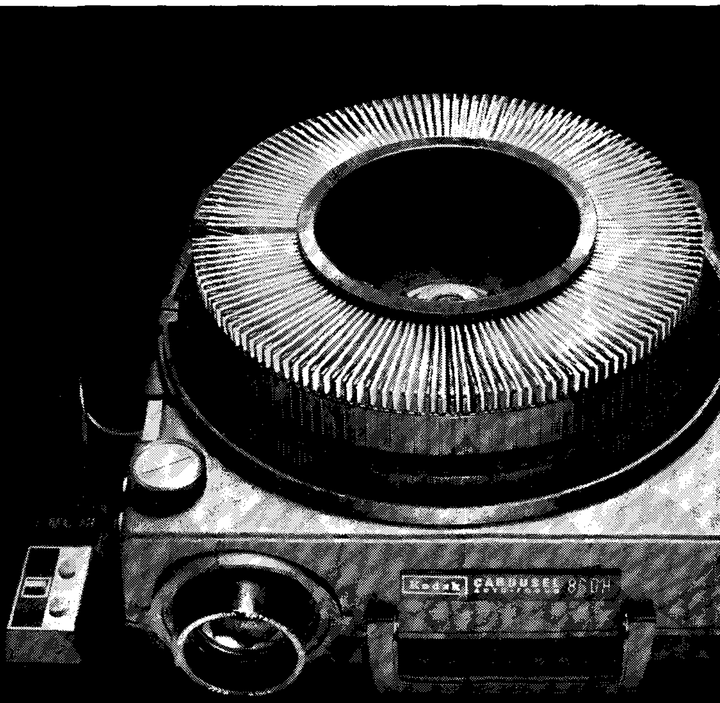
impinging on a vast number of sensory-nerve endings. The behaviorist, like the animal trainer, is interested primarily in those stimuli, or patterns of stimuli, which become linked in some way with the reinforcement of instrumental responses. For instance, if a stimulus becomes strong enough to galvanize an organism into action, it may be said to function as a drive; a blast of cold air, a headache pain, an electric shock, hunger pangs, sexual desire may all function in this way. Any reduction in the strength of a drive acts as a reward for the immediately preceding behavior—which may be classified as escape responses, eating responses, sexual responses, or whatever. But it is obvious that the behavior of higher organisms cannot be explained solely in terms of drives and rewards. A hungry man is driven to eat, but this does not mean that he will swallow the first object he sees—which may be a box of nails or a black-widow spider. Taking cues from the environment, he will hunt for what he considers to be a suitable source of nourishment. In their first book, Miller and Dollard define a "cue" as any stimulus that is not strong enough to be a drive but that nevertheless helps to determine *when* an organism will respond and *how* it will respond. A cue can be as simple and vivid as the color of a ripe apple hanging on a tree, or it can be as subtle and complicated as the weather conditions that prompt an experienced ship's captain to choose one course rather than another. The success of a response in reducing a drive often depends on the discrimination of reliable cues from a background of "indifferent" stimuli. And such discriminations are themselves responses that can be learned.

With the help of these operational definitions, stimulus-response learning theory had obviously come a long way from "muscle twitches." Indeed, in the opening chapter of "Personality and Psychotherapy" the authors announce that their goal is "to aid in the creation of a psychological base for a general science of human behavior" by bringing together "the three great traditions" of psychoanalysis, experimental psychology, and modern social science. One of the central arguments of the book is that the symptoms of the classic Freudian neuroses can be best understood as instrumental responses learned under conditions of great stress and inner conflict. According to Miller and Dollard, when a person is very fearful or anxious any response that leads to a reduction in fear or anxiety is automatically reinforced, and will tend to recur whenever the person feels fearful or anxious again, no matter how inappropriate, or even destructive, the repetition may be in the long run. A neurotic habit formed in this way may be overt, like a temper tantrum or a crying jag, or it may be deeply buried, like the repression of certain thoughts and feelings. In either case, effective psychotherapy may be considered essentially a process of reëducation, in which "bad" stimulus-response connections are extinguished and new and "better" responses are attached to the anxiety-provoking stimuli.

Experimental support for many of the key hypotheses in "Personality and Psychotherapy" came from research that Miller and others performed in the psychology laboratories at Yale. One series of experiments involved teaching animals to be afraid of something they desperately wanted. Hungry rats were first trained to run down a straight wooden alley to a goal box, where they were rewarded with a small amount of food; then the same animals were given a second series of trials, in which they received a painful electric shock as soon as they reached the goal box. Finally, they were returned to the starting gate and allowed to move about freely. Almost all the animals subjected to these contradictory lessons showed evidence of what Miller called approach-avoidance conflict. They would start running, go partway toward the goal, stop, back up a bit, go forward a few more steps, stop again, and continue to vacillate, in a pattern that Miller described as "increasingly slower approaches and sudden withdrawals." This behavior was almost a parody in physical terms of the agonizing indecision characteristic of many neurotics, who, in the authors' words, "seem to be unable to go forward far enough to reach their goals or away far enough to forget them." The creation of aberrant behavior in white rats was nothing new; Pavlov himself had induced experimental neuroses in laboratory animals by manipulating stimuli under conditions that apparently put an unbearable strain on the subjects' ability to adapt. But Miller believed that a detailed analysis of approach-avoidance conflict in terms of learning theory would lead to a better understanding of the principles that govern both normal and aberrant behavior in human beings.

TO laymen, reports of behavioral research often have a faintly ludicrous ring. When behaviorists are not busy comparing rats to men, they seem to be laboring to bring forth mice—

that is, seeking elaborate answers to intentionally naïve questions. And yet the strategy of rethinking a problem from the ground up often pays dividends when the questions begin to get more complicated. For Miller, the underlying question has always been, What motivates behavior? Why do organisms respond to stimuli in the first place? Or, to put it entirely in laymen's terms, why does anyone do anything? Miller's basic assumption in the approach-avoidance experiments was that every move a rat made in the alley was the product of opposing motivational forces: a hunger drive and a fear drive. *How* an organism responds to a specific drive stimulus is determined partly by innate, physiological factors and partly by previous learning experiences. A lizard, being cold-blooded, may seek a sunny rock when the temperature drops suddenly; a field mouse will be more likely to head for its burrow; a man may shut a window or put on a sweater or throw another log on the fire or pound on his radiator, depending on which response has been most consistently rewarded in similar situations in the past. Of course, organisms are often under the lash of more than one drive. In the normal course of events, a conflict between two incompatible drives will be resolved in favor of the drive that happens to be stronger at the moment. (This might be called, for want of a more technical term, the "eat-first-talk-later principle.") But according to Miller's careful analysis the rats suffering from approach-avoidance conflict in the alley are trapped on a kind of motivational seesaw, where every response prompted by one drive tends to tip the balance in favor of the other drive, thus making progress in either direction impossible to sustain. The sequence leading up to this uneasy equilibrium presumably goes something like this: After his initial, contradictory lessons, the rat is returned to the starting gate at the safe end of the alley. There he feels more hungry than afraid, so he starts to run toward the distant goal. Since the hunger drive is based primarily on innate physiological factors, the motivation to get food should not vary significantly in strength from one end of the alley to the other. But fear is primarily a learned drive; that is, although we are born with the physiological equipment that goes into the fear response, we generally must learn what to be afraid of. Each painful experience we survive teaches us to respond to certain cues in the environment as warning signals, and the more reminiscent these cues are of the original source of pain the greater the fear



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they evoke. Thus, the fear becomes stronger as the rat moves nearer to the place where he was shocked originally. Theoretically, as the rat moves down the alley toward the feared and desired goal there will be some point at which the drives of hunger and fear are in perfect equilibrium. But if the rat's forward momentum carries him past this point, fear will suddenly replace hunger as the dominant drive, causing a drastic change in the rat's behavior. The animal will stop, reverse direction, and begin moving away from the goal—until he overshoots the equilibrium point in reverse, whereupon he will turn around and dart forward once more, motivated by hunger, only to be yanked back on the same invisible leash when his fear drive again becomes stronger than his hunger drive. And since the relative strength of the two drives will also fluctuate somewhat with the passage of time, the rat will be forced to shuttle back and forth within a narrow range indefinitely—until something happens to shatter the impasse and establish new behavioral priorities.

The authors of "Personality and Psychotherapy" go on to interpret many examples of neurotic behavior in human beings as symptoms of approach-avoidance conflict—usually with sex instead of hunger as the physiological drive that prompts approach, and with the dimensions of approach and avoidance measured not in spatial terms but in socially and culturally defined sequences of events. For example, in the case of an unhappy bachelor who is painfully shy with girls, Miller and Dollard suggest that the graded sequence of "attending a mixed social event, being introduced to a person of the opposite sex, making a telephone call, having a casual date, having a more serious date, engagement, wedding ceremony" may be analogous to the progression of warning signals impinging on the rat as he moves down the alley toward the goal he has learned to desire and fear. This kind of behavioral analysis points up the futility of trying to push a neurotic toward his stated goal by encouragement or exhortation—tactics usually resorted to by well-meaning relatives and friends. At any moment, the neurotic is probably as close to his goal as his conflicting desires and inhibitions will allow, and since neither drive can be satisfactorily reduced in the normal manner, he remains in a state of constant tension. Miller's conflict theory also helps to clarify the therapeutic strategy of psychoanalysis. The best way out of an approach-avoidance impasse is not to strengthen the patient's approach drive but to reduce the fear drive—to weaken resistance, as the Freudians would say—so that the patient can proceed toward his goal without encountering an unbearable level of anxiety. By verbal means, the psychoanalyst can help the patient unlearn the responses that are detrimental to his long-range interests. But the neurotic cannot be cured until he tries out new responses in the real world and finds his behavior rewarded rather than greeted with the punishment that his earlier learning experiences (going all the way back to childhood) have led him to expect.

"Personality and Psychotherapy" is generally conceded—even by those who do not share its assumptions or conclusions—to be a model of scientific exposition, and it is still widely used as a textbook in undergraduate psychology courses. In a sense, the book makes an excellent introduction to learning theory, because most people have no trouble accepting a strict stimulus-response account of the compulsive, obviously driven behavior of the unhappy neurotic. The behaviorists' assertion that *everything* we do obeys the same stimulus-response principles is much harder to accept, and harder still to demonstrate in a laboratory.

BOTH Pavlov and Thorndike assumed that their rigorously controlled experiments with a carefully limited range of variables had laid bare certain laws of behavior common to all higher organisms. Their experimental procedures and the theories they formulated to explain their data turned out to be extremely useful to succeeding generations of behavioral scientists. Yet Pavlov's and Thorndike's insights into behavior did not completely coincide, and this meant that the exact relationship between classical conditioning and instrumental learning remained a mystery. Did the two processes of behavioral adaptation represent two distinct stages of evolutionary development? Was one a special case of the other? Or were they merely two different manifestations of a still more basic learning process, whose underlying principles had yet to be discovered? Hull's group at the Institute of Human Relations sought the answers to these questions in a thorough analysis of the mechanism of reinforcement.

Even casual observation reveals that the same events that make good unconditioned stimuli in Pavlovian experiments—such as the delivery of food and

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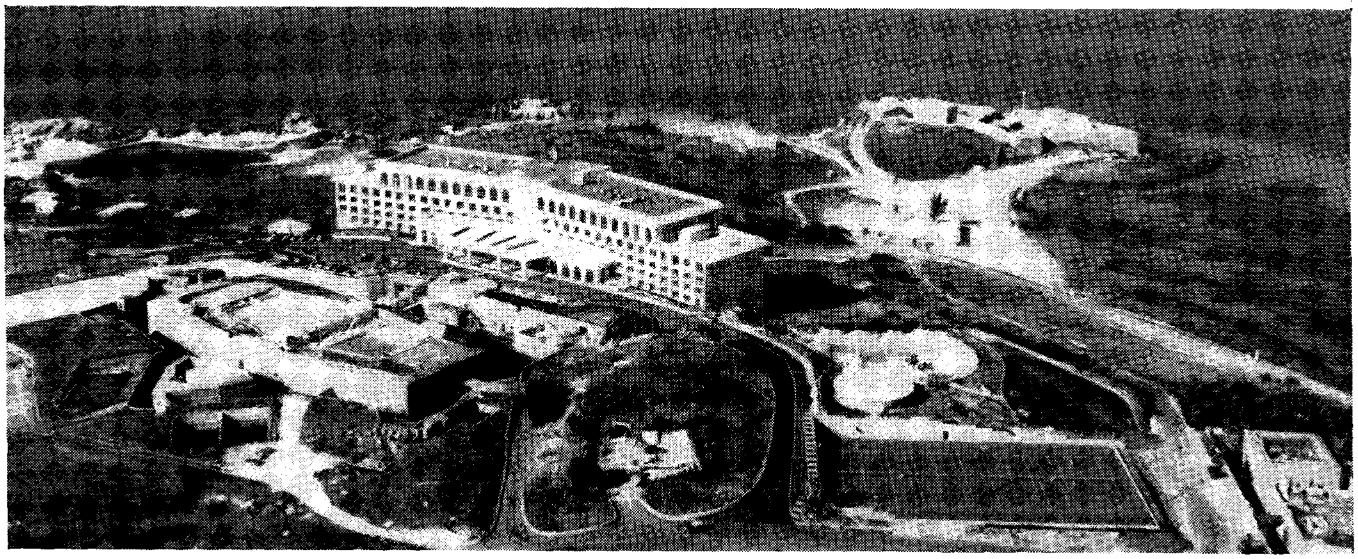

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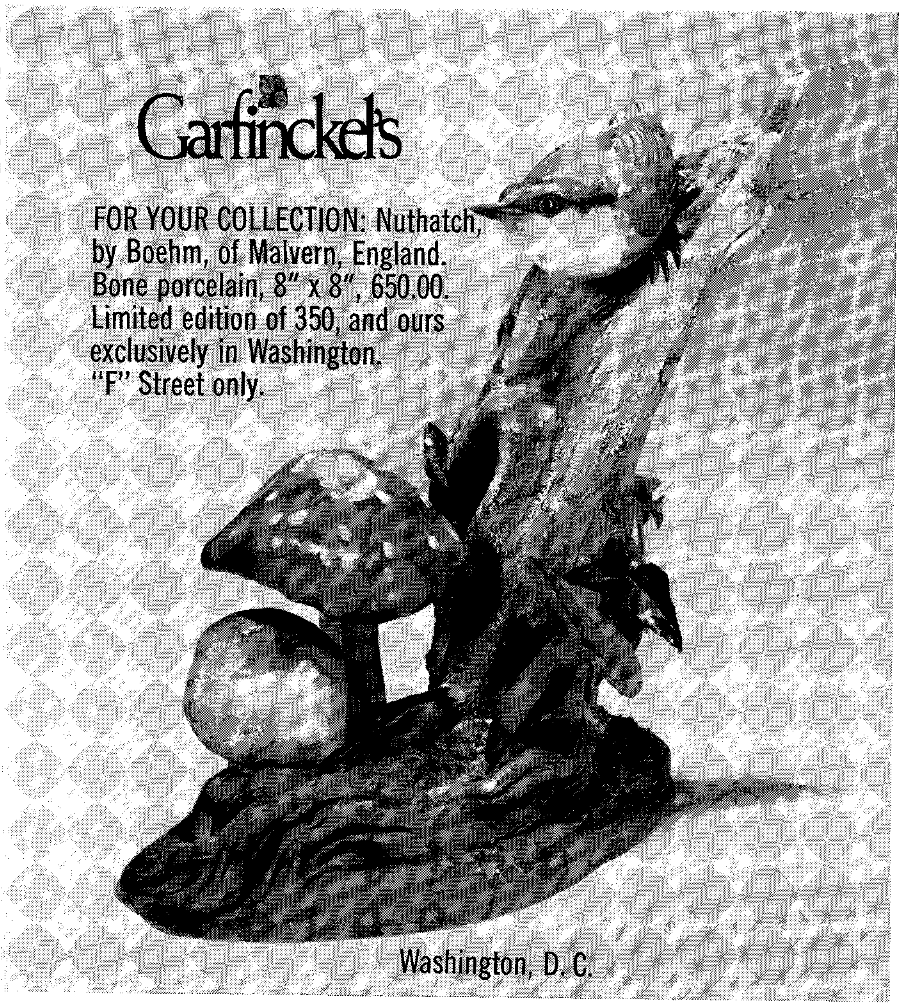
the administration of electric shock—make either good rewards or good drive stimuli for trial-and-error learning. And in either situation a delay of as little as twenty seconds in the arrival of a reward or a punishment can be fatal to the reinforcing effect. In trying to account for these and similarly suggestive parallels, Hull advanced the hypothesis that there was, at bottom, only one kind of learning, achieved through only one kind of reinforcement mechanism, which he identified as drive reduction. Hull's "Principles of Behavior" was published in 1943, and it has served as a touchstone for learning theorists ever since. The proponents of alternative hypotheses—and there have been many—have usually found it necessary to come to terms with drive reduction in one way or another. Among the leading behaviorists, only Skinner and his followers profess to ignore the issue entirely; Skinner maintains that a behaviorist has enough to do studying the effect of different schedules of reinforcement on response rates, without worrying about why rewards work in the first place.

This puzzle is precisely what Miller has spent most of his career worrying about. In fact, he confesses that his unceasing efforts to explain why rewards work have laid him open to the charge of being "emotionally fixated" on the drive-reduction hypothesis. But his behavior is perfectly easy to explain in terms of his own theories. If Miller has been loyal to the drive-reduction hypothesis, it is only because he has found the theory both stimulating and rewarding. To a scientist—a man with a passion for parsimony in the explanation of natural phenomena—it is certainly tempting, as Miller puts it, to try to account for all reinforcement by a single physiological mechanism. And the concept of drive reduction does lend itself to experimental manipulation: Find the source of strong stimulation and you can control behavior. But, as most laboratory animals soon learn, the path to a reward is not necessarily smooth or straight. While Miller's efforts to validate the drive-reduction hypothesis have been inconclusive in themselves, the behavioral insights that he gained, the physiological knowledge that he acquired, and the experimental techniques that he perfected all turned out to be indispensable to his later attack on the problem of visceral learning.

From the beginning, it was clear that drive reduction constituted a satisfactory account of what happens when a rat learns to escape from a strong external stimulus like electric shock. The electric shock drives the rat into a frenzy of activity, and the sudden reduction in stimulation at the moment of escape reinforces the immediately preceding response. (It can even be shown that the larger the reduction in voltage the more effective the learning.) The trouble comes with behavior motivated by the so-called appetitive drives, such as hunger, thirst, and sex. Although everyone is familiar with the discomforts of hunger pangs, parched throat, and sexual frustration, even Miller concedes that the strong form of the drive-reduction hypothesis runs counter to our "instinctive judgment," which tells us that it is usually "pleasant stimulation, rather than relief from pain, that one seeks in food and drink, and especially in sex." The question is, Can this instinctive judgment about the appetites be totally mistaken? What kind of internal event actually prompts us to seek food—before the act of eating gets all mixed up with social imperatives? As Miller points out, most people in our affluent society, including most experimental psychologists, have never themselves experienced the sensation of extreme hunger. But experiments with laboratory animals indicate that the satisfaction of hunger has exactly the same effect on the learning process as an escape from electric shock. A hungry rat will learn to perform virtually any response that is rewarded by food, but once he has enough to eat, food ceases to function as a reward. We say that the animal is satiated. In the same way, a rat subjected to electric shock can be rewarded with successive reductions in voltage—but once the voltage is reduced to zero, no more learning on the basis of that particular drive can occur. The two kinds of reinforcing events definitely have more in common than meets the eye. In Miller's words, "There seems to be a close relationship between the operations that produce reinforcement and those that produce satiation." And yet the burden of proof clearly falls on those who argue, as Miller did, that satiation is produced not by getting too much of a good thing but by the total elimination of an unpleasant drive stimulus. In an effort to prove his case, Miller began to turn his attention to what went on during the learning process *inside* the organism, where the glandular and visceral factors that affect the strength of the appetitive drives could be studied more directly.

The drive-reduction hypothesis implies that the reinforcing effect of food can be independent of any pleasant taste or texture. Once we are weaned from the breast, we must learn to eat some things and to avoid others. Any organism that cannot learn to like things that are good for it will probably not survive. But if the primary reinforcement for successful food-seeking behavior is not a pleasant tingle on the tongue, what is it? How does an organism learn that it has stumbled across a nutritious substance (and, conversely, how does it learn not to stuff itself with substances that offer no real nourishment)? The basic challenge for the drive-reduction hypothesis was to show how such learning could take place despite the long delay between the act of eating and the restoration of depleted tissues throughout the body. In a classic experiment that was first published in 1952, Miller and a research associate inserted plastic tubes in the stomachs of white rats so that the animals could be fed without being able to taste the food. The rats were then placed in a simple T-maze, which had two distinctively decorated arms. Whenever a rat entered one of these arms, he was rewarded with an injection of enriched milk. Whenever he entered the other, an equal amount of non-nutritive fluid was injected into his stomach. If food functioned as a reward solely because of its taste, no learning should have taken place in the maze. Yet after a number of trials on both sides of the T the animals consistently chose the milk side. In other words, they had learned to locate the nourishment on the basis of sensations in the digestive tract alone—a finding that fitted in perfectly with a drive-reduction explanation of reinforcement. (There is apparently a hunger center in the brain that is aroused by food deprivation, and this center sets off the unpleasant sensations usually associated with extreme hunger. Miller and other researchers have shown that the act of eating immediately quiets these unpleasant sensations, although exactly how the arousal and quieting of this center is connected to tissue needs is not yet fully understood.)

Other experiments, however, raised some difficult questions about the drive-reduction hypothesis. For instance, food taken by mouth turned out to be an even stronger reward for rats than food injected into the stomach. To square this result with drive reduction, Miller had to show that a mouthful of food also produced a greater reduction in hunger than the same amount of food injected into the stomach. One way to measure the relative strength of the hunger drive in two groups of animals is to see how much each group



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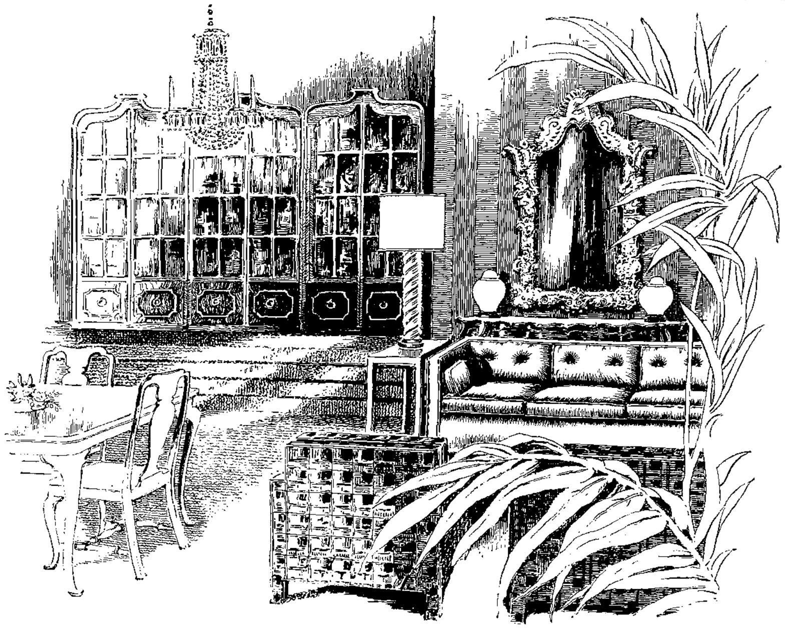

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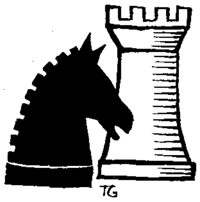
eats when food is made freely available. Miller and his associates allowed one group of rats to swallow exactly fourteen cubic centimetres of milk from a dish; another group was given the same amount of milk by stomach injection. Then both groups were allowed to drink as much milk as they wanted. The animals who had been allowed to drink their nourishment in the first part of the experiment were markedly less hungry than the animals who had received injections of milk. This proved that there was an important mouth component to the hunger drive as well as a stomach component. But what was the relation between the two? If food in the mouth always produced a prompt reduction in hunger, why did people sometimes talk about whetting the appetite with a pre-dinner snack? Why did some animals appear hungrier *after* eating a small pellet of lab chow? For that matter, how could the drive-reduction hypothesis explain the familiar experience of the cocktail drinker who is unaware of a craving for food until he eats his first peanut? Was it possible that the drive stimulation decreased momentarily with the first nibble of food and then rebounded to an even higher level as soon as the mouth was empty—only to start dropping again when a sufficient amount of food reached the stomach? In order to answer questions like these, Miller had to have some way of monitoring the reactions of all the affected organs and glands while a subject chewed, swallowed, and digested food. This meant that if he was serious about putting the drive-reduction hypothesis to a conclusive test, he would have to delve even deeper into the physiology of the learning organism.



There was good reason to believe that the neural activity set off throughout the body by food deprivation was coördinated in some kind of central switchboard, and there was evidence that the functions of this drive center could be studied with the help of a relatively new research tool, known as electrical stimulation of the brain, or E.S.B. In the nineteen-thirties, a Swiss physiologist named Walter Rudolf Hess had perfected a method for mapping specialized brain structures by anchoring very fine electrodes within the brain tissue of freely moving animals. One of Hess's discoveries was that the application of a weak electrical current to certain focal points in the hypothalamus of a cat would cause the subject to exhibit all the overt signs of extreme fear. As Hess described it, the cat looked and acted afraid, even though such stimulation had been shown to be painless and no comparable reaction had ever been elicited from any of the adjacent areas of the cat's brain. The implications were fascinating. Could it be that the hypothalamus, a primitive structure deep in the base of the brain, contained the switchboard for the cat's fear drive? Was this the place where warning signals from the peripheral sense organs were processed, and orders for appropriate motor responses were dispatched to organs and muscles throughout the body? And could a burst of electrical stimulation actually mimic the incoming neural signals and set off a typical fear response?

Miller's interest in the hypothalamus as a possible drive center had been heightened by research into the neural regulation of hunger, performed in the late forties and early fifties at the Yale School of Medicine. When certain parts of the hypothalamus were destroyed by surgery, experimental animals stopped eating and literally starved to death, even though they were surrounded by food. Destruction of certain other parts of the hypothalamus had the opposite effect: The animals seemed unable to stop eating, and kept nibbling available food until they became enormously fat. In order to find out whether the hypothalamus actually held the key to the life-or-death responses associated with the primary appetites and emotions, Miller and one of his graduate students, Warren W. Roberts, joined forces in the fall of 1953 with José M. R. Delgado, a neurophysiologist at Yale. Using a combination of physiological and behavioral techniques, the researchers were able to show that cats stimulated in the fear areas not only looked frightened but would also perform previously learned escape responses, and would even learn new responses to avoid further stimulation. Miller concluded that a burst of E.S.B. in the right place did have all the functional properties of a drive. The fact that drives could be manipulated electrically suggested that normal ups and downs in drive strength could be monitored with some kind of electrical pickup. And if this was so, then it might be possible to determine the validity of the drive-reduction hypothesis once and for all. Miller and his associates began looking for ways to record moment-to-moment changes in the hunger drive with implanted electrodes. But before they could overcome the technical problems involved, a team of re-

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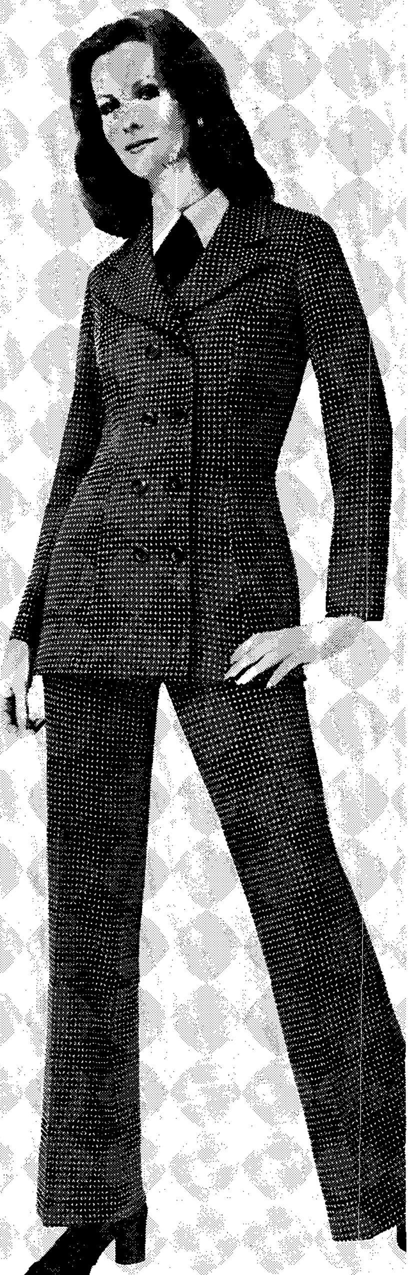

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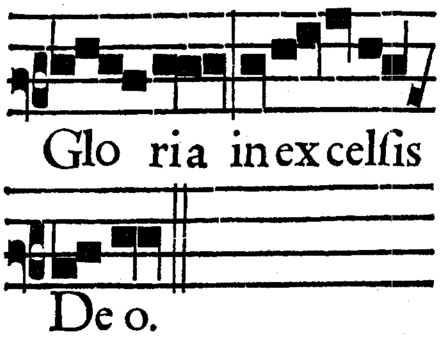

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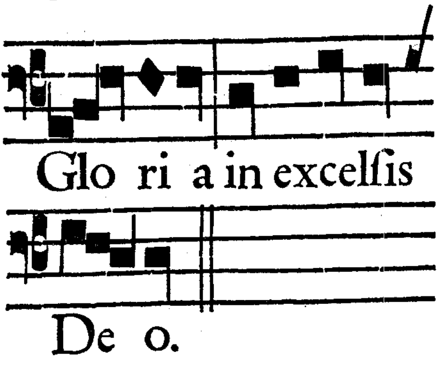

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searchers at McGill University—James Olds and Peter Milner—announced that they had discovered a focal point in the hypothalamus where E.S.B. acted not as a drive stimulus but as a *pleasant* reward. That is, once an animal was given a taste of such stimulation, he would learn to press a bar repeatedly to get additional bursts of current in the same target area—an area that came to be known, perhaps inevitably, as the "pleasure center." Subsequent experiments showed that many animals actually preferred this form of self-stimulation to conventional rewards like food and drink.

At first glance, the work of Olds and Milner—which indicated that reinforcement could result from an increase in stimulation—seemed to deal a fatal blow to the strong version of the drive-reduction hypothesis. But the task of probing the brain had just begun, and the interpretation of the pioneering experiments proved to be far more complicated than any of the pioneers had dreamed. As Miller wrote a few years later, "We have learned . . . that in exploring the behavioral effects of electrical stimulation of the brain, it is unsafe to leave untested any possibility, no matter how implausible it seems." On the one hand, there appeared to be no limit to the use of electrical stimulation as an instrument of behavioral control: Miller and his students eventually found a point at which E.S.B. elicited eating in rats that had just been fed to satiation; other researchers reported that bursts of E.S.B. could cause normal monkey mothers to desert their newborn babies, and docile house cats to attack their masters; and, in a unique demonstration that revealed Dr. Delgado's flair for the dramatic, a charging bull with a remote-controlled electrode in its brain was halted by a signal from a portable radio transmitter concealed in a red cape being waved by none other than Dr. Delgado. On the other hand, as the evidence accumulated, many experimental psychologists began to suspect that using E.S.B. to investigate complex neural mechanisms was roughly equivalent to aiming a bolt of lightning at a television set in order to map out the circuitry. The weak electric current delivered to the target areas in the brain was actually far in excess of the voltage generated during the normal transmission of nerve impulses. This meant that a single burst of E.S.B. might fire two or ten or even a hundred adjacent neurons simultaneously, so it was difficult, if not impossible, to tell whether the resulting behavior corresponded in any meaningful way to the organism's

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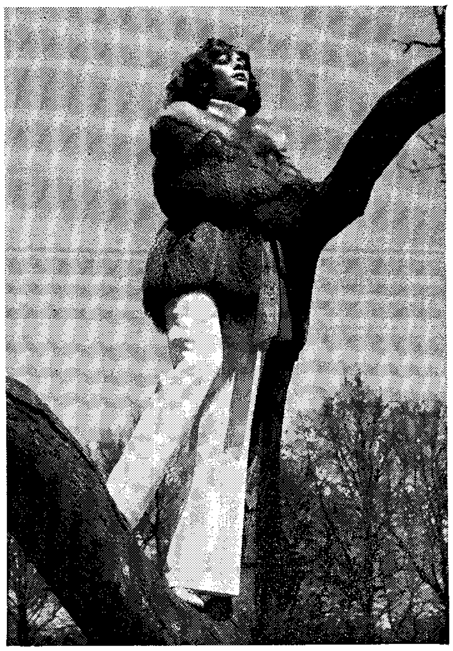

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normal response patterns. For example, Warren Roberts discovered a focal point in the cat's brain where stimulation had a paradoxical effect: first rewarding and then aversive. (A trained animal would press a lever to turn on such stimulation, press another lever to turn it off, and then alternate between the two levers indefinitely.) This was a curious phenomenon no matter how you looked at it—but its significance depended somewhat on whether a single neural mechanism was involved, or two separate but related mechanisms, or two functionally independent mechanisms that just happened to lie near each other at this point in the brain.

To get a better idea of what was actually going on in the electrically stimulated focal points in the brain, Miller and his associates turned to an even newer, and potentially more sophisticated research tool: chemical stimulation of the brain. By seeding a target area with small amounts of substances that normally occur in the synapses between nerve cells, the researchers were able to show that the neural control of behavior is, in a literal sense, chemically coded. When one of Miller's students, Sebastian P. Grossman, applied tiny crystals of acetylcholine to a certain area of the hypothalamus, a rat that had just eaten and drunk to satiation started drinking again, but when crystals of norepinephrine were applied to precisely the same area, the satiated rat began to eat instead. Even stranger contrasts appeared when a single substance was applied to different targets a few millimetres apart. A researcher in another lab found that a very small amount of male hormone injected into the rat's hypothalamus could elicit typical male sexual responses or typical maternal behavior in animals of either sex, depending on the site of the injection.

The results of these brain probes were so fascinating in themselves and so suggestive of exciting breakthroughs that for a while in the nineteen-fifties Miller found it difficult to interest himself or his graduate students in any other work. But gathering experimental data is one thing, and fitting them into a meaningful pattern is another. It was clear that the brain was the last frontier of both physiology and psychology—the ultimate test of man's ability to understand himself. The use of electrical and chemical stimulation had so far provided a few tantalizing glimpses of the brain's operation—just enough to make men realize how crude even their most advanced theoretical models were. The drive-reduction hypothesis was a prime example; some experiments seemed to support it, others to contradict it. The conclusive test that Miller had hoped for would have to wait until more was known about the brain mechanisms themselves—and in the meantime there was a good chance that someone would devise a broader, more useful hypothesis to make sense out of the mass of new material emerging from the laboratories. While keeping an eye on all these developments, in his own lab and elsewhere, Miller was eager to apply what had already been learned to a closely related, and long neglected, problem: the instrumental conditioning of visceral responses.

IN 1957, Miller had come across an English translation of a book by K. M. Bykov, a Russian physiologist who headed a laboratory in Leningrad devoted to behavorial research in the Pavlovian manner. Bykov's book (originally published in the Soviet Union in 1941) gave a detailed account of the creation of conditioned reflexes involving all kinds of internal functions. Miller was especially impressed by evidence that such deeply buried visceral responses as the formation of urine in the kidneys, contractions of the uterus, and the ejection of red blood cells from the spleen could be classically conditioned to a neutral stimulus (just as a dog could be conditioned to salivate at the ringing of a bell). Bykov's success in bringing a wide range of visceral responses under such precise stimulus control prompted Miller to reëxamine his own research priorities. Since he was committed to the view that there is a fundamental unity to all learning, he had to assume that whatever Bykov and his co-workers had accomplished using the techniques of classical conditioning could be duplicated by a researcher using the techniques of instrumental learning. In fact, looking back on his early days at the Institute of Human Relations, he found it remarkable that none of Hull's students had made a serious effort to investigate the possibility of visceral learning. "With so many other people insisting that it couldn't be done, even the smallest positive result would have been a terrific coup for our theory," Miller commented recently. As for himself, he could only conclude, "I may have dodged this particular application of Hull's theory because I felt that it might be refuted here, and I was unconsciously reluctant to face this possible outcome—either out of loyalty to Hull

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or because the theory was so useful in my other work."

Having taken almost twenty-five years to confront this challenge, Miller could understand the reluctance of a new generation of graduate students to join him in the search for a phenomenon that all the standard psychology textbooks—and such acknowledged giants in the field as Skinner—agreed did not exist. "The belief that it is impossible for the stupid autonomic nervous system to exhibit the more sophisticated instrumental learning was so strong that for more than a decade it was extremely hard for me to get any psychology students, or even paid assistants, to work seriously on the problem," Miller told a recent conference of behavioral scientists. "I almost always ended up by letting them work on something they did not think was so preposterous." Out of necessity, his earliest investigations of visceral learning, in 1958 and 1960, were conducted with the aid of a Yale undergraduate majoring in psychology and a research assistant with an M.S. in physiology. Using food as a reward, Miller first tried to teach animals to increase their stomach contractions and to slow down their heartbeat. Although the preliminary tests were slightly encouraging in each case, it took so long to design the experiments, set up the apparatus, and train the animals that his student collaborators graduated or left the university for other reasons before conclusive results could be obtained. In 1961, Miller had to abandon what he affectionately called a "harebrained" scheme to teach rabbits to control the flow of blood through their ears, because his collaborator decided to shift to a more conventional project for a Ph.D. dissertation. Finally, in 1964, Miller persuaded a graduate student, Alfredo Carmona, to carry through an experiment in which thirsty dogs were rewarded with a drink of water whenever their spontaneous bursts of salivation increased or decreased from an empirically established baseline. As the training proceeded, the dogs who were consistently rewarded for increases began to salivate more, and the dogs who were consistently rewarded for decreases began to salivate less. It certainly looked as if the dogs had learned to work for their rewards—even though this work involved the regulation of a glandular reflex that was supposed to be beyond the organism's voluntary control.

But the results of one experiment were hardly sufficient to overturn what Miller called "the strong traditional belief" within the scientific community that visceral and glandular responses

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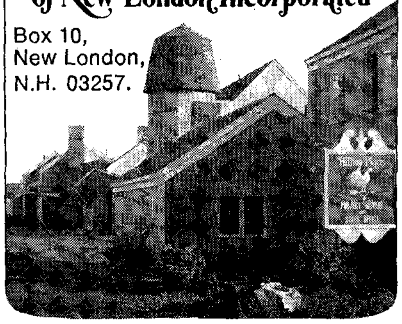

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could not be modified by instrumental conditioning. Besides, the results were somewhat ambiguous. As Miller himself noted, one could not rule out the possibility that the dogs had "cheated" by learning to perform some unobserved skeletal response—chewing or panting, say—that indirectly affected the rate of salivation. (Similar objections had been raised a few years earlier when researchers at other laboratories claimed success in instrumentally conditioning the heart rate of human subjects.) Theoretically, there was only one way to be sure that a specific change in an internal function was the product of genuine visceral learning, and that was to immobilize every skeletal muscle in the subject's body without interfering with the neural control of the visceral organs and glands. Unlikely as it may sound, there was a drug available that fitted this bill precisely. The drug was *d*-tubocurarine—a refined form of the deadly nerve poison curare, which is decocted by South American Indians from the roots, stems, and bark of jungle plants. Medical researchers had discovered that curare works by paralyzing the end plates of the motor nerves linked to the skeletal muscles, including those muscles involved in breathing. Victims of curare-dipped darts generally die within minutes from respiratory failure. But the sensory nerves and the muscles of the internal organs (including the heart and the circulatory system) are apparently not affected. This means that animals—or people—paralyzed by curare can be kept alive indefinitely with a mechanical respirator, and although they are literally unable to move a muscle, they remain fully aware of all external and internal stimuli. (Before the unique selectivity of curare was understood, the drug was used experimentally as a surgical anesthetic. Since the patients were completely immobilized, it was assumed that they felt nothing during the operation. When the effects of the drug wore off and the patients started screaming that they had suffered through every cut of the knife, observers tended to dismiss their accounts as hallucinatory—until a surgeon voluntarily curarized himself and discovered that curare did not prevent pain but only kept the victims from expressing their agony.)

Another of Miller's graduate students, Jay Trowill, decided to see if he could teach curarized animals to modify the rate of their heartbeat for a reward. Since there are not many ways to reward a paralyzed animal, Trowill and Miller settled on electrical stimulation of the previously established

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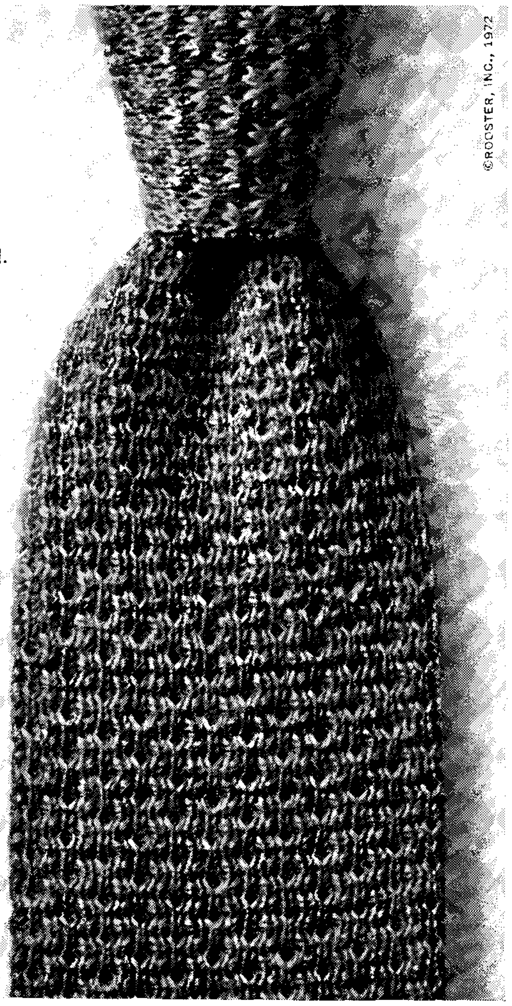

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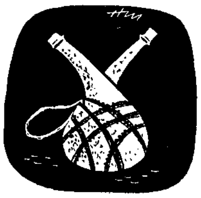
“pleasure centers” of the rat's hypothalamus. Trowill spent three years perfecting the techniques for this experiment, while Miller worried that he had sent his young associate up a blind alley. No one knew whether a curarized rat could learn to do anything, much less gain control of its most vital internal function. But when the experiment was completed, in 1966, Trowill had managed to train one group of rats to speed up their hearts and a second group to slow them down. Although the changes in heart rate were only five per cent in each direction, Miller felt sufficiently encouraged by the results to embark on an ambitious series of experiments designed to anticipate, and overcome, all the conceivable objections of the skeptics who still maintained that visceral learning was impossible. During the next few years, Miller, a postdoctoral student named Leo DiCara, and a succession of collaborators demonstrated that learned control of the heart rate could be shaped to produce significantly greater changes (one animal slowed its heart from five hundred and thirty beats a minute to two hundred and thirty), that such control could be made contingent upon a distinctive pattern of cues (some rats learned to slow their hearts more readily when a light-and-tone signal was switched on during the training sessions), and that this learning could be retained, without further instruction, for at least three months. To show how specific such training could become, Miller and DiCara taught some rats to blush in one ear at a time. To show that visceral learning was not limited to cardiovascular responses, Miller and his associates taught rats to modify other bodily functions—ranging from intestinal contractions to the rate of urine formation in the kidney. And, to show that visceral learning did not depend on the peculiar properties of E.S.B. as a reinforcement, changes in heart rate were secured using the standard reward of escape from a painful stimulus. In the course of these experiments, Miller shifted his base of operations from Yale to the Rockefeller University, where he now heads a laboratory whose continuing research into visceral learning—supported by grants from the National Institute of Mental Health—has attracted worldwide attention within the scientific community.



ALTHOUGH the techniques and tools developed in Miller's laboratory for the visceral-learning project were far more sophisticated than anything he had used in earlier experiments, it was his long detour into the physiological aspects of drive that had provided much of the technical know-how required for the subsequent work. For a simple training session in heart control, the subject—a healthy, “experimentally naïve” white rat—had to be prepared several days in advance by a lab technician. First, the animal was anesthetized and the top of its skull was laid bare with surgical instruments. Then the technician bored two precisely positioned holes in the skull bone with a jeweller's tiny drill, and a pair of small enamel-sheathed electrodes were inserted through these holes until the exposed metal tips (actually the points of steel sewing needles) came to rest in one of the “pleasure centers” of the brain. A bright-green plastic socket that looked a little like a hi-fi jack was permanently anchored to the skull bone with jewellers' screws and a blob of acrylic cement such as dentists use.

After a few days of convalescence in its home cage, the rat was brought back to the lab and given an injection of *d*-tubocurarine, which rendered it completely limp in a few seconds. Working very quickly, the technician pulled a respirator mask (fashioned from the end of a toy balloon) over the animal's nose and jaw; a moment later air was being pumped in and out of its lungs—through two flexible plastic tubes connected to the respirator mask—in a rhythm closely approximating the normal breathing cycle. Outside leads were then plugged into the skull socket; another electrode was attached to a shaved patch of skin on the rat's chest; and the animal was placed on an electrically warmed pallet inside a laboratory isolation chamber—a metal box that resembled a shallow wall oven.

The isolation chamber was connected by a tangle of color-coded wires to other pieces of equipment in the room—an oscilloscope, a programming console, a polygraph. The electrode on the rat's chest picked up signals generated by the beating heart and fed them into one channel of the polygraph, where they were converted into the up-and-down movements of a pen pressing against a continuously unwinding roll of graph paper. A rat's heart normally beats about four hundred and twenty times a minute, but the interval between beats is never absolutely regular. Each heartbeat of the curarized rat was represented by a spike traced on the graph paper. If the rat was being taught to decrease its heart rate, an electronic trigger automatically delivered a burst of rewarding brain stimulation whenever the pause between spikes was long enough to meet a predetermined criterion. A second channel on the polygraph recorded the beginning and the end of each reward period, and so the polygraph provided a permanent log of the learning process.

Once a teaching machine like this has been set up, the researcher theoretically has nothing to do until the lesson is over. But researchers, who are fond of citing the general law "Anything that can go wrong will go wrong," know that the equipment requires constant watching, especially in the early stages of an experiment. At any moment, there may be a short circuit in the electronic trigger, or the artificial respirator may come out of phase, or the oscilloscope may start acting up, or the pens of the polygraph may become wedged against each other. Even when the equipment is operating smoothly, the temptation is all but irresistible to gather around the polygraph and kibitz, cheering the rat on when the ink tracings show that he is making steady progress in his lesson, or groaning in despair when he seems unable to figure out what is being asked of him.

Teaching people to modify visceral responses is much easier in some ways—and much harder in other ways—than training rats. On the one hand, nothing could be easier than rewarding the response of a fully conscious human subject who is eager to coöperate; a word of encouragement, or even an impersonal signal that stands for such a word, will do. The problem is knowing when *not* to reinforce. The instructor must be careful to withhold rewards whenever his highly motivated subjects try to mimic the desired visceral adjustment by doing things with their skeletal muscles. Miller and Dworkin refer to any attempt to attain a reward by nonvisceral means as "cheating." For instance, when hypertensive patients are asked to lower their blood pressure, they invariably begin by altering their breathing. It happens that a sudden deep breath will produce a temporary drop in blood pressure. This decrease cannot be maintained and therefore has no medical significance, but the patient will keep repeating the respiratory maneuver as long as the machine keeps rewarding it. Obviously, no real therapeutic progress can be made unless this competing response is recognized for what it is and extinguished by lack of reinforcement. The subject is not consciously trying to

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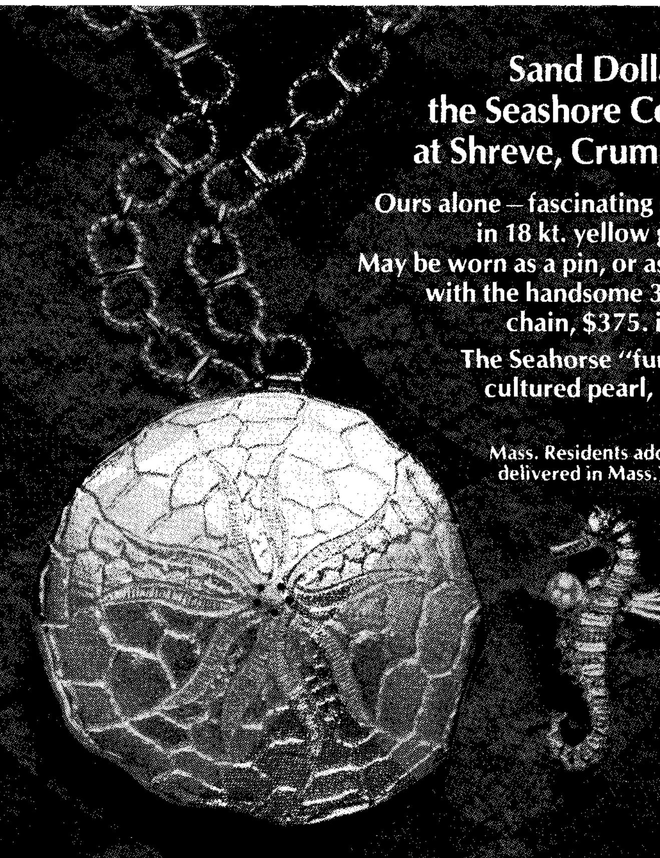

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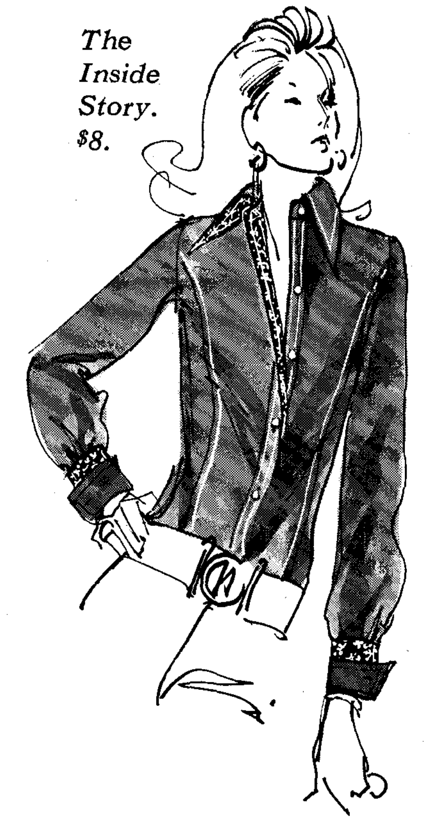
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cheat; the organism as a whole simply follows the path of least resistance to a reward. But since there is no way—short of curarization—to guarantee that all potential avenues of skeletal cheating have been closed, each visceral-training session takes on the nature of a game. The instructor's basic strategy is to make cheating so difficult—by building checks and double checks into the monitoring system—that the subject can earn the reward only by modifying the internal mechanism itself. According to learning theory, this strategy should be effective for any visceral or glandular response under neural control; the only practical limit is the ingenuity of the researcher in finding ways to measure and reward spontaneous changes as soon as they occur.

There may, of course, be some skeletal maneuvers that have a significant effect on the patient's health, and some researchers in the field that has recently been popularized as "biofeedback training" ignore the problem of cheating entirely—they are more concerned with getting therapeutic results than with worrying about how the patient achieves them. Miller's primary interest, however, has never been simply to extend man's control over his bodily functions. Despite the potential medical applications, his goal in this research, as in all his other work, was to gain a better insight into the fundamental laws that govern human behavior. Once he was convinced that visceral learning was possible with the right kind of feedback, the next logical step was to ask what role this ability plays in the ordinary life history of the organism, since, as he put it, one would hardly expect the forces of evolution to create a mechanism that had "no normal function other than that of providing my students with subject matter for publications."

It is easy to see how the shaping of skeletal behavior through reward and punishment improves the individual's chances of getting food, avoiding pain, and reproducing his species in hostile surroundings. The survival value of purely visceral learning is not so apparent. In order to survive, all warm-blooded animals must maintain a fairly constant internal environment—a physiological condition known as homeostasis. The homeostatic balance for each species, however, seems to be wired into the individual's nervous system at birth. Barring major organic damage, a man's temperature tends to remain at about 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit; his blood pressure usually hovers around 120/70; his heart normally beats

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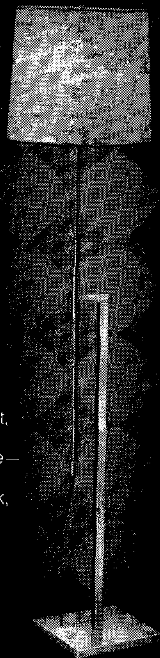

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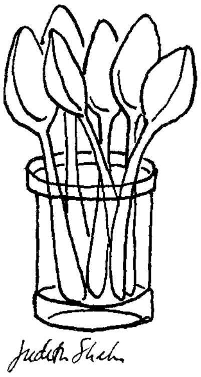
something like seventy times a minute. And when physical strain or illness causes a drastic deviation from these norms, the organism automatically does what is necessary to compensate. This, at least, is the traditional view of homeostasis. One famous physiologist of the early twentieth century referred to the self-corrective tendencies of the reflexes mediated by the autonomic nervous system as "the wisdom of the body." The clear implication was that the less interference from the higher mental processes the better. But the recent upsurge of interest in biofeedback training has forced behavioral scientists to take a new look at the relationship between the so-called higher and lower levels of the nervous system.

There is no real contradiction between reflex behavior and instrumental learning. Learning builds on innate reflexes. Before a man can learn to swing a golf club properly, he must be able to keep his balance and to make all the separate skeletal adjustments that go into a golf swing, and to "read" the kinesthetic feedback from the muscles being used. What a man actually learns from reinforced practice, Miller says, is "to combine innate behavioral units at a given time, under the control of a specific stimulus, with the appropriate force, and in the appropriate direction." It may be that the innate homeostatic reflexes set only the broad limits for each visceral function, and that evolution has provided a capacity for instrumental learning that can be used for what might be called fine tuning in early infancy. It is also possible that this capacity is available as an emergency backup system for the preservation of homeostasis in the mature organism. There is no longer any doubt that the internal environment can be modified through the medium of classical conditioning. For instance, one of Bykov's colleagues carefully documented the effect of habitual behavior on the normal metabolic rate—the rate at which body cells use oxygen. Two laborers in a tire factory were asked to stand aside and watch their comrades go through a typical workday. The work called for brief periods of great physical exertion followed by slightly longer rest periods. Tests made on the two idle men showed that their oxygen consumption rose and fell during the day in a pattern that closely paralleled the normal alternation of work and rest periods. Apparently, their daily routine had conditioned them to respond in a certain way to specific stimuli—the factory whistle, the sound of the foreman's voice, the sight of their fellow-workers. When these stimuli were present, the two laborers went through all the metabolic adjustments associated with physical labor, even though no actual demands were being made on their skeletal muscles.



Miller believes that in the normal course of events some people may unconsciously make even more specific—and more permanent—homeostatic adjustments as a result of instrumental learning. The habits formed in this way will not necessarily be beneficial to the organism in the long run. For example, Barry Dworkin, a researcher in Miller's lab who has been closely involved with the visceral-learning project for four years, has worked out a scenario showing how a certain combination of innate and environmental factors could lead to a condition like primary hypertension. It can be assumed that, just as some people are born with superior physical equipment for a particular sport like football or basketball, there are people who are born with an above-average ability to control their cardiovascular reflexes. Whether or not they learn to make use of this talent depends on their circumstances. It happens that, through a complicated neural tie-in, a sudden rise in blood pressure results in a *decrease* in the general alertness or excitability of the organism. The effect appears to be similar to that produced by a dose of barbiturates used in the treatment of mild anxiety. According to Dworkin's hypothesis, certain individuals may discover early in life that they can virtually turn off a disturbing stimulus by raising their blood pressure. The disturbing stimulus may be external in origin (like a persistent loud noise) or largely self-inflicted (like the unresolvable tensions of approach-avoidance conflict). In either case, the immediate effect of a rise in blood pressure is to prevent the full force of the disturbance from reaching the cerebral cortex, just as stuffing cotton in one's ears helps to block out the sound of a jackhammer. Since even a brief and partial reduction in a strong stimulus acts as a reward, a person with a talent for cardiovascular control may develop the habit of calming himself by raising his pressure whenever he faces an unpleasant situation, just as a person with a different physiological makeup may become addicted to barbiturates. The implica-

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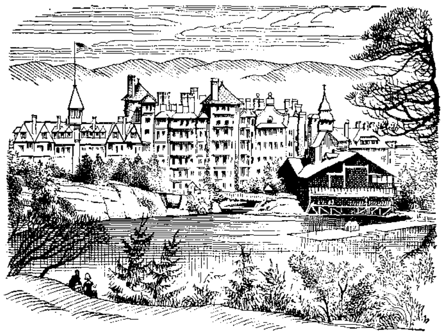

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tions of this hypothesis, which Miller and Dworkin hope to test someday, go far beyond the immediate clinical uses. "If we succeed in proving that instrumental learning can play a role in the maintenance of homeostasis, we will have established a principle of major biological importance," Dworkin says.

There is very strong evidence that the requisite feedback mechanisms exist. Other researchers have shown that neural impulses from a vast number of interoceptors within the visceral organs are constantly ascending to the higher levels of the nervous system, and that the higher levels are constantly acting on such information through a variety of motor channels. But this constant feedback from visceral responses rarely penetrates to the level of subjective awareness, and this is perhaps why Western scientists have found it so hard to accept the existence of a sophisticated communications network serving the internal organs and glands.

For some reason, scientists in Russia and Eastern Europe have taken a more empirical approach to the study of the autonomic nervous system. As early as 1866, I. M. Sechenov, the father of Russian physiology, noted the existence of "dark sensations" originating in the visceral organs and apparently reaching the cerebral cortex. Sechenov was a major influence on Pavlov, who was convinced by his own work on conditioned reflexes that there must be "special analyzers" in the cortex which had the task of "continuously recording the enormous complex of events that happen within the organism." Bykov and his co-workers confirmed this insight for a wide range of visceral responses, and more recently a Hungarian physiologist named György Ádám has conducted detailed studies of the central-nervous-system mechanisms that process information from the viscera. Among other things, his work has made it clear that the viscera are equipped with a variety of sense organs—known as interoceptors—that are at least as responsive to changing conditions as the five external senses are. For instance, a dog can be trained to discriminate between sensations in its lower intestines which are no more than a few centimetres apart. Ádám has since worked out a method for teaching people to become conscious of sensations in their viscera that are far below the normal threshold of subjective awareness. Miller hopes to make use of Ádám's research on interoception in his own attempts to teach people to control their internal functions. Yet Ádám himself takes a sur-

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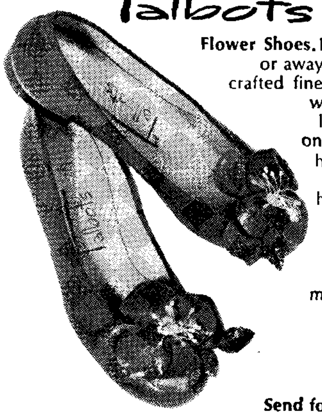

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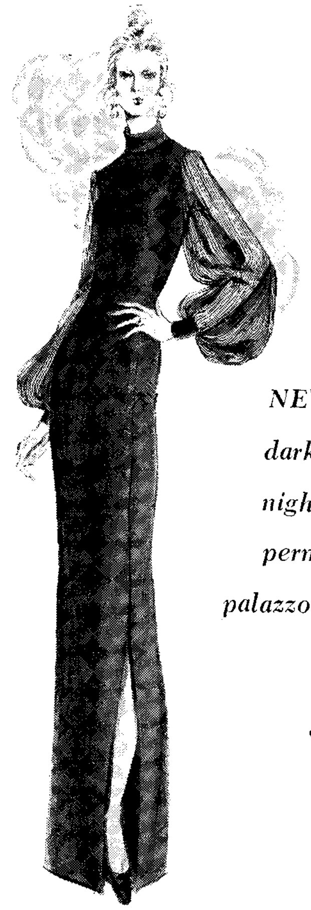
prisingly conservative view of the practical applications of his work. He sees his experiments as furthering our understanding of the neural mechanisms involved, but he is wary about trying to extend our conscious and voluntary control too far. "The basic prerequisite of the normal functioning of the organism seems to be that interoceptive impulses should remain unconscious," Ádám wrote in a book called "Interoception and Behavior," published in Budapest in 1967. "It can be assumed that the reinforcement of interoceptive . . . impulses other than [those conditioned in early childhood] would constitute too great a stress for higher nervous centers; in other words, to bring into consciousness such internal processes would be pathological." What is even more surprising is that Ádám, who is a painstaking researcher, offers no evidence to support this assumption. Miller's position is that the difference between skeletal and visceral responses—which really comes down to the difference between the somatic and the autonomic branches of the nervous system—has been greatly exaggerated. He believes that, with the improved feedback provided by medical technology, people may someday learn to become at least as aware of the "dark sensations" from the viscera as most adults are of the vague sensations from the skeletal muscles in their torso. ("Doctor, I have this slight ache—no, more like a faint throbbing—just below my left shoulder blade and over a bit, and sometimes it feels a little hot, or sort of prickly.")

Already, researchers in other laboratories have reported progress in training people to turn off (or at least moderate) the pain of migraines, to stabilize dangerously irregular heartbeats, and to reduce the incidence of epileptic seizures. Ironically, much of this promising clinical work was stimulated by reports of Miller's success in training curarized rats to control their visceral functions—a success that Miller and his associates are now finding difficult to repeat. For some reason, the experiments with curarized rats over the last two years have yielded steadily diminishing evidence of visceral learning. And now the rats seem to have stopped learning entirely. At a meeting of the Eastern Psychological Association held in Boston, in April, Miller described the efforts that he and Dworkin have made to pinpoint the factor (or factors) behind what Miller calls "the extraordinarily perplexing dilemma of a persistent failure to replicate what previously seemed to be a robust phenomenon." One possibility they



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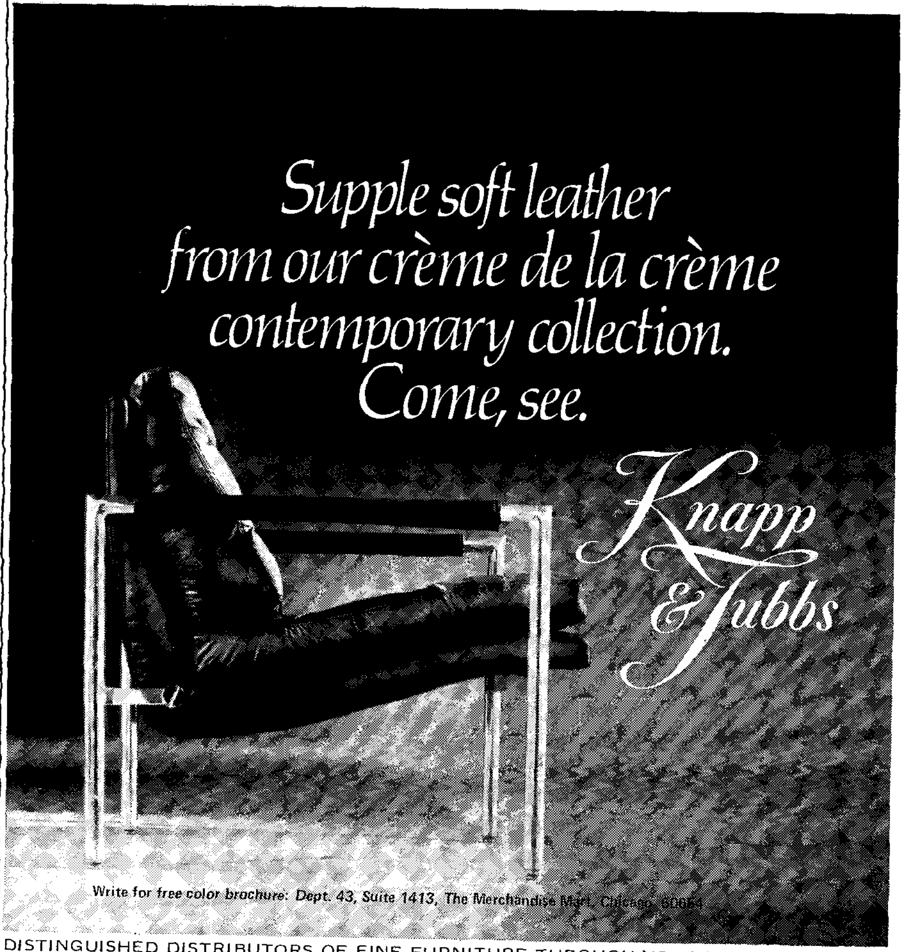
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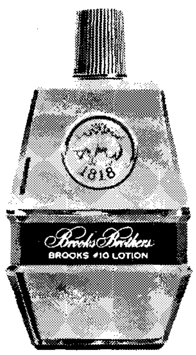

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have looked into is a change in the chemical properties of the drug *d*-tubocurarine. After being told that the process of manufacturing this drug had not changed over the last few years, Miller and Dworkin learned that *d*-tubocurarine is actually an imperfectly purified natural product, and that different batches may vary in makeup depending on the source of the material in the South American jungle—"much as wine varies with different vineyards and vintages." This raised the question of whether some new impurity was causing the present difficulties or, conversely, whether an impurity that was no longer present had somehow contributed to the original results. Miller is now tracking down a sample of the curare used in the earlier experiments so he can compare it with the currently available supply. He is also exploring the possibility that significant changes may have been introduced into the strain of white rats his laboratory has been using. The companies that supply white rats for scientific research are constantly trying to improve their product. In recent years, they have taken to breeding and raising their animals in absolutely sterile surroundings; they even get their foundation stock through Caesarean operation to guard against contamination by unwanted bacteria. According to Miller, it may be that these virtually stress-free conditions are preventing infant rats from developing their innate capacity for visceral learning. (There is independent evidence of physiological changes in the white-rat population since the visceral-learning experiments began; another scientist told Miller that the dose of male hormones needed to sterilize a newborn female rat is now almost ten times larger than that required a dozen years ago.) Closer to home, Miller and Dworkin have discovered that the respiratory apparatus used in most of the earlier experiments was much less reliable than anyone thought; they are now having a new respirator built to their specifications.

Out of frustration, Miller says that he has even considered the possibility that he and the six researchers who collaborated with him on the early animal work were victims of a "mass hallucination." But he quickly adds that this hypothesis must take into account the fact that some of the key experiments were carried out under the supervision of other senior scientists, as well as the fact that at least two other laboratories in the late nineteen-sixties had no trouble replicating the visceral-learning effect. Miller, who has grappled with apparently insuperable research prob-

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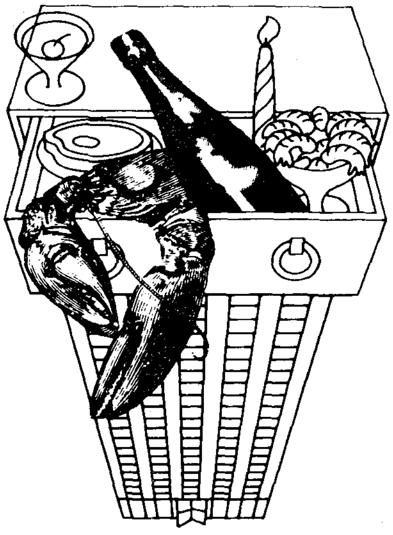

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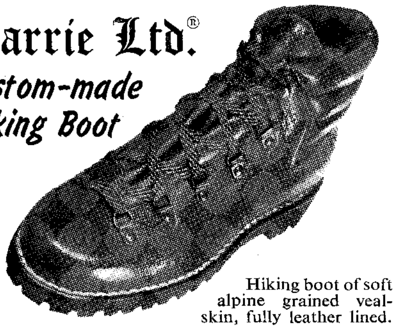

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lems before, believes that he and his associates will eventually solve this one, and that the effort can only lead to a greater understanding of "the essential variables involved in visceral learning."

There are, of course, people who claim to have achieved complete control of their internal functions on their own—through the self-disciplinary exercises of the Eastern meditative religions. An Indian scientist with an international reputation, Dr. Bal K. Anand, chairman of the Department of Physiology at the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, in New Delhi, has been investigating these claims for more than a decade. He and his colleagues have tested at least four hundred yogis under carefully controlled laboratory conditions. While the great majority of the subjects showed no unusual physical abilities, a handful did demonstrate impressive voluntary control over normally involuntary functions. One yogi could reduce his heartbeat to half the normal rate by blocking the action of the sinoatrial node—the so-called cardiac pacemaker. Another could make his forehead break out in perspiration without moving a muscle. And two others could voluntarily slow down their metabolism until they were functioning at less than half their basal metabolic rate. (Basal metabolic rate is a standard measure of the body's activity in an awake but completely relaxed state. To get some idea of the yogis' achievement, body metabolism in a normal subject never falls more than ten or twelve per cent below the basal metabolic rate, even during the deepest sleep.)

Anand, who discussed his findings with Miller on a recent trip to New York, assumes that the successful yogis have learned to regulate their visceral functions only after what he calls "long-term conditioning of the nervous system by internal concentration." Some researchers in this country believe that the new biofeedback technology may permit a great speeding up of this process; experimental efforts to treat functional disorders through a combination of biofeedback training and autohypnosis are already under way at the Menninger Foundation, in Topeka, Kansas, the University of Colorado, in Boulder, and a number of other laboratories. Miller himself is continuing the search for a reliable method of training people with hypertension to lower their blood pressure. Despite his recent difficulties with the animal work, he sees no reason to change his basic approach to the mysteries of the nervous system—or to alter his grand vision of the fundamental unity of all learning.

—GERALD JONAS

(This is the second of two articles on Dr. Miller.)

• •

AUGUST

It was a slow
river that slid
wide through level
country of fen
and of soft-earth
celery fields,

making no sound
of water all
one afternoon
but flowing dark
as leafage swept
in a wet heap,

no wind to make
its rushes creak,
stem against stem,
or rain to fall
hissing on its
taut water-skin.

It was gallons
calm as a vat
someone has stirred
and left to work
in its own time
to clarify.

It licked itself
as quietly as
a cat its fur
and no skiff came
or wherry on
the turning curds.

And but for the
flying dabchick
that sheered from my
quietness I
might not have moved
my eyes away

from the river's
porcelain surface
something must smash,
or ever known
how near the sea
downstream would flash

for a moment
as the last sun
of August died
in a closing
gap of summer
mist, autumn mist.

—TED WALKER

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THE THEATRE

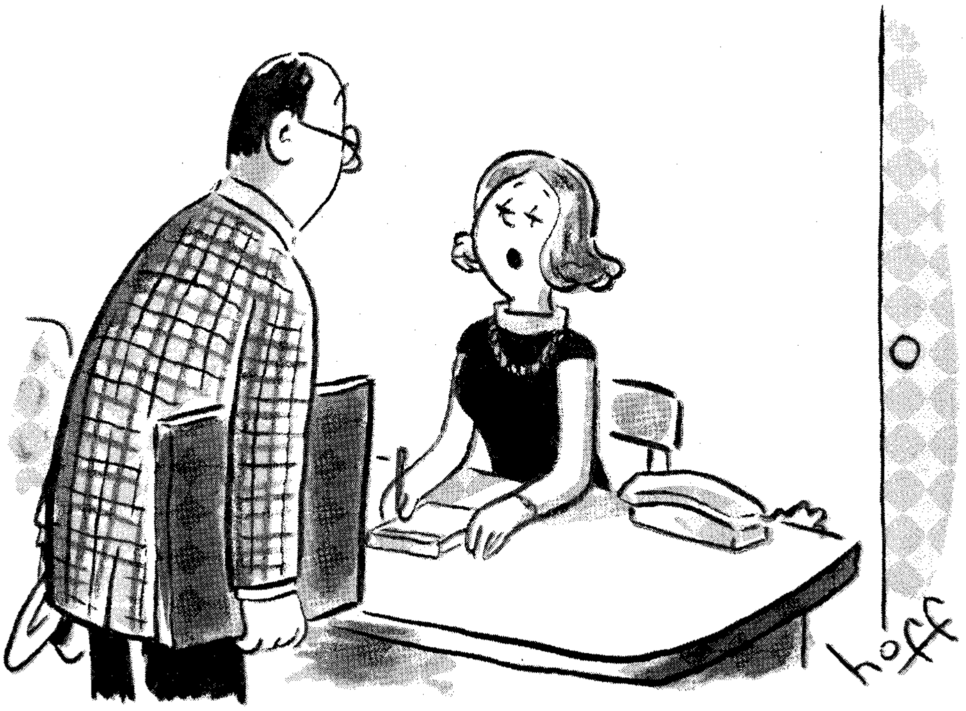
OFF BROADWAY

ALL praise, with no reservations whatever, to the New York Shakespeare Festival's bountiful, sunny, summery, irresistible, *Shakespearean* "Much Ado About Nothing," in the Park. The production, which is set in America, circa 1910, is filled with happy surprises—visual and aural—and, tempting though it is to list some of them, surprises they will remain. Under the direction of A. J. Antoon, the production is as stylish as any I've ever seen, and yet there is nothing artificial or imposed about the style; for all the charming embellishments, Shakespeare is played, not used. It is his magic that prevails: Mr. Antoon and the actors never let us forget that "Much Ado" is as beautiful as it is witty, and they never allow the words to be overwhelmed by effects. You will hear the lines you cherish well spoken, and, as in all the best Shakespearean performances, discover lines you never realized were there (as well as a few funny throwaways that never were). Peter Link has written some accompanying incidental music, full of sly period references and a sprinkling of Scott Joplin's ragtime, and it is a total delight as played by a six-piece brass band dressed in blue-and-gold-and-white uniforms—a *park* band, as is only right. The show as a whole gives proof, if proof were needed, that comedy does not belie the emotions but enhances them. That may be its greatest triumph, among many.

The acting is filled with feeling, all of it exactly right. Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes, the Benedick and Beatrice, slightly surly at first, are melting and incandescent once they are tricked into acknowledging their love. Mr. Waterston's Laertes, earlier this summer, baffled me, but his Benedick is clear and strong and magnetic. Miss Widdoes, perhaps slightly strained but properly bitchy to start with, is radiant and witty, and her fierce "Kill Claudio!" and Mr. W.'s astonished response make a perfect moment. The splendid Barnard Hughes has now become the irreplaceable Dogberry—dignified, full of himself, sweetly oblivious, and absolutely adorable—and his Keystone constabulary, hurtling up and down the aisles, billy clubs at the ready, are a great help. Bette Henritze provides another funny scene as the skittish Ursula, intruding upon the lovers, slowly realizing it, and then skedaddling. Douglass Watson at last comes into his own as Don Pedro, at his best when he half jokingly—but only half—proposes to Beatrice and is so affectionately and tactfully refused. Fine villains, too: Jerry Mayer as a scowly, moody Don John, throwing a wild, kicking tantrum; Frederick Coffin as fat Borachio; and Jack Gianino as thin Conrade. Glenn Walken, the insufferable Claudio, somehow overcomes much of the insufferability and manages to be just the kind of young man that any Hero would find captivating. This particular Hero is April Shawhan. I admired her, and I also admired Mark Hammer as Leonato, Marshall Efron as Balthasar, Tom McDermott as Friar Francis, Will Mackenzie as Verges—what the hell, everybody.

For his setting, Ming Cho Lee has papered (or cardboarded) his permanent structure with huge prints of the graphic art of the early days of this century. The staircases are painted ivory, and so is much of the furniture. The effect is graceful and light and lovely. The large American flag on the bandstand places the action right where it belongs and at the same time serves as a kind of private reminder to the audience of all that Joseph Papp and his co-producer, Bernard Gersten, have done to make good American actors available to us time after time. Everybody looks marvellous—the men in uniform or in shirtsleeves and straw hats, the women in long, graceful dresses. Theoni V. Aldredge did the costumes. Steven Shaw must be commended for some wonderful, jokey props.

"SOMETIMES A HARD HEAD MAKES A SOFT BEHIND," by J. E. Gaines, at the New Lafayette, is a rather sketchy and elusive (to me, at any rate) all-black play about a young heroin addict who leaves home after stealing his mother's ring and loose cash and being caught by his parents and sister. Teaming up with another junkie, he robs a rich pusher, and the two of them end up dead. The atmosphere of the show and its small details have an authenticity—a truthfulness—that is always interesting, but the action, as interpreted in the casual, almost offhand style of the New Lafayette, just slides by, lacking the richness and the powerful underpinnings of Mr. Gaines' "Don't Let It Go to Your Head," earlier this year. There is one remarkable scene, though, in which Mr. Gaines himself, under his stage name, Sonny Jim, appears as the dangerous pusher and shows all the quiet strength of the gifted, experienced actor. Opposite him is a beautiful girl, who plays *his* girl, and whose name is Carol Cole. —EDITH OLIVER



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

And We'll Be Back After This Message

FOR the last three or four years, the silent minority of England has been awash in passion for a B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus," just turned into a battily funny film called "And Now for Something Completely Different." The passion has equalled the earlier cult that followed the radio version of "The Goon Show" (Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, and so on). The film, directed by Ian Macnaughton, is compiled—well, piled together, perhaps—from the wilder explosions of the great talents of a group of writer-actors, mostly drawn from Oxford and Cambridge, who have grown up together in the jungle of their inanely witty TV show. Otherwise they have little in common with each other, apart from their sense of humor, and nothing whatever in common with anyone else.

TAYLOR ISTA
QUESTA DEVEL

In one bit of the film, for instance, we are watching Army physical-training practice overseen by a martinet who has a vein of unadmitted nervousness. The practice teaches protection against assault by fresh fruit. Homicidal attack by loganberries comes up. When dealing with a banana fiend, advises the instructor (John Cleese), looking military but clearly harboring alarm, one should eat the banana. Suppose the fiend has a pointed stick, a lily-liver in the Army class keeps saying, being as obsessed by the question of pointed sticks as others are by marauding fruit. It is at junctures like these that a conventional-looking Army officer with a breastful of medals (Graham Chapman) is apt to step in to say severely that this film is displaying a distinct tendency to become silly.

The world of "And Now for Something Completely Different" is all on the side of liberty, and notes with a basilisk eye any incursions of English authoritarianism. There is a good deal of material about the sort of people who are always seeing burglars and other dangerous party-groupists (foreigners, the young, and so on) under the bed. One singular sketch is about the peril to the public of mad forays by grannies on the prowl. Grannies are said to be no respecters of race, creed, or sex. You see hordes of flower-faced, gentle-looking old ladies in morning-church hats running riot and doing improbably athletic anti-social things like carting away telephone booths. "Make Tea, Not Love," reads a graffito on a wall, obviously chalked up by a granny on the rampage. All right; if that's their tune, the country must deal with the threat in its midst. You feel that the officer-in-command of the film is in constant and justifiable fear that it is running off the rails. Not that he truly believes that he is on the rails himself, any more than anyone else in the movie.

In an inchoate episode, John Cleese plays an iron-voiced mountaineer sternly interviewing an alertly intrepid recruit who thinks he wants to join an expedition. The leader plans to climb Kilimanjaro. The trouble is that he sees two of everything, which is a handicap in a mountaineer. He talks about going via Dovers, and strongly asserts that Kilimanjaro has two peaks, dismissing airily any climbing difficulties by saying that he means to build a bridge between the two. To the consternation of applicants coming in one by one in the usual way, he addresses them always in duplicate, often asking the person not sitting there what he thinks, and regularly talking about "both of you" to the man on the other side of the desk. Sometimes, vaguely aware that things are awry, he will cover one eye with his hand, but his demeanor and mode of address remain stiffly unchanged. No one quite likes to bring up his crucial misapprehension; the bifocal mission proceeds undeterred, with the merest suggestion from some muscular recruit who is sitting alone on the edge of a chair that there is only one of him. Tact about idiocy is everything, and politesse prevails.

A lot of the movie rests on this system of insanely sustained manners, and the form of the interview is key. A vocational-guidance adviser, for one, guiding an accountant who wants to be a lion tamer, points out in the most kindly and practical way that the accountant is an appallingly *dull* person, *terrible* company, *depressing*, and beautifully *fitted* to be an accountant, but that he might work his way up to lion-taming through banking. There is a temporary spot of bother because the man being interviewed turns out to have confused lions with anteaters and holds stoutly that lions look pretty tame to start with.

The picture chooses to progress by fits and starts—sneezing fits and false starts, you could say—but the hell with that. One sees a nice restaurant customer (Graham Chapman) involved in a mild upset about "a bit of a dirty fork." The benignly put incident suddenly develops into Italian melodrama and a near breakdown of the manager (Eric Idle), a pugilistic but easily collapsible man. There is another fine scene in a pet shop, in which John Cleese complains with some reason to Michael Palin that the parrot he bought that day was a *dead* parrot. The pet-seller holds, against all logic of the eye—and of the ear, which can hear the body of the undoubtedly long defunct parrot being banged on the counter with a sound like the bashing of a rubber sausage in a Punch-and-Judy show—that it only looks like that because it's a Norwegian parrot and pining for the fjords. "It's bleeding demised!" says the maddened customer, trying to get his point through. "This is an *ex*-parrot." If you want to get anything done in England, he mutters, you've got to complain till you're blue in the face. English bureaucratic sloth is one of the continuing butts of the film. So is the propaganda style used in the Second World War, which the writers and actors (who cheerfully overlap and seem to do everything—including the sound effects, you suspect, which often sound like experiments in a school lab when the master in charge has quit the room because he is in a weak position) take to be so much garbage. There is a flash of sober official advice about how to kill enemy Germans with jokes. The Allied side's members have been taught the jokes word by word, for safety's sake; they then lob them at the Huns, who receive the words strung together and are massacred by being doubled up in schoolgirl hysterics. These *new* jokes, reports the commentator in the voice of wartime British newsreels, are over ten thousand times as powerful as the prewar jokes used at Munich. Nothing is sacrosanct in "And Now for Something Completely Different" (the full list of the component anarchists is Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Carol Cleveland, and Connie Booth)—least of all patriotism and any sort of bigotry.

TWO cheers for democracy, none at all now for warmongering. Alf Garnett, of the East End of London, star of an English-made comedy

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film called "Alf 'n' Family"—a character already transcribed in this country as the much more prejudiced and craven show-biz creature of TV comedy called Archie Bunker—is generally assumed to nourish racism. In the context of English TV, where he started, he nourishes jokes directed against anyone still preening himself in a spirit of Second World War chauvinism. The English series is written by Johnny Speight (author of stuff for Frankie Howerd, Morecambe and Wise, and other great English comedians); it will be a shame if anyone is too sobersided and purblind to see that the author is sending bigotry about whites and Gentiles and Churchill-winning-the-war out of the window. Other times, other people; other inhabitants of England, wanting other things; other things to collide with about the British character; new satiric entertainers to do it.

Alf Garnett (Warren Mitchell) tries hard to hang on to the old ways. He wears a trilby hat, a long gray overcoat, and a waistcoat with a watch chain across it, in the prewar East End small hope of looking like a toff. He has a toothbrush mustache, and the pitiful metal-rimmed spectacles you used to be able to get on charity medicine before the National Health Service came in with Bevan. His line is less one of bigotry than one of rudeness to all and sundry—especially to his wife (Dandy Nichols), a true prewar East End woman who wears her hair in sausage curls front and back and isn't going to put up with any nonsense from anybody (unlike Mrs. Bunker, who seems to be always flustered and to belong to a TV studio, not to a street). Alf Garnett in 1939 is insufferable to everybody and uncordially hated. He trips daily over a street toy that some kids have made out of a crate and four probably stolen wheels; *you feel he does it on purpose,* not because they have put the thing in his way but because he has stepped into theirs. The only people he really likes are the King, the Queen, and Neville Chamberlain. At a 1939 newsreel, he doesn't believe for a moment in the Nazi threat, because the Prime Minister is looking after us. Cardboard tanks, that's what they are, he says, watching a film of Nazi troop movements. Hitler's probably got his blokes inside pedalling them. And later: Well, Hitler's not going to start anything, because we've told him not to, haven't we? His trust in the rightness of what he believes himself (with the support of the reigning Monarch and

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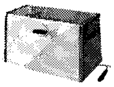

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the reigning Prime Minister) is absolute. It is also absolutely changeable. With the greatest dignity in the world, he replaces a front-room-wall photograph of Chamberlain with one of the hitherto despised Churchill. War isn't coming, Alf has always held. Well, when it does, explains our expert in casuistry, I wasn't wrong, because it's *us* declaring war on *them*, isn't it? Goebbels—whom he has referred to cuttingly as bound to say these things because he's Minister of Propaganda, isn't he?—has been written off in a typical moment of arcane desperation as a *cripple*, however insulting that may be in Alf Garnett's nutty book of popularly unrecognized barbs. Garnett gets everyone's back up. In the blitz, going to the Tube during the raids, he objects to "Lili Marlene," because it's a Jerry song and because Marlene Dietrich consorts with *troops*, which is loose living. He consoles himself about Dunkirk by calling it "a strategic withdrawal;" Churchill, who has now won Alf's flag-wagging alliance, wanted the soldiers back in our own island fortress.

Alf works as a factory timekeeper, which is an easy, stingy job if ever there was one. It's a reserved occupation, being a timekeeper, he insists, terrified of being called up to be a soldier, even if it would mean he would get cigarettes and eggs instead of his present measly ration of no fags and Spam. (He collars double his proper ration of meat and bacon from his wife in exchange for his sweet coupons.) The whole war seems to him quite unbelievable. Invasion! Coming across the English Channel, indeed! It's *our* Channel, he says in the pub. No one listens to him much.

After the war, he kicks up an endless fuss about the Labour Party. His wife rather benevolently tries to keep the peace over sticking up rival political posters in the window by saying *both* posters keep out the light. The picture of Winston stays up on the wall of the old-fashioned little house, and memories of prewar dray horses linger. Alf behaves as wretchedly as possible to his grown-up daughter's loyal but flashy soap-factory-worker boyfriend (having stolen her baby-bottle of milk twenty years before to squirt some of her wartime ration into his cup of tea). The old rat's malignity has its moments of abating, though, and the director (Norman Cohen) doesn't miss them. In spite of Alf's mucking up his daughter's wedding—which he thinks should have been held in *her* church, pointing a finger at a photograph of the Queen,

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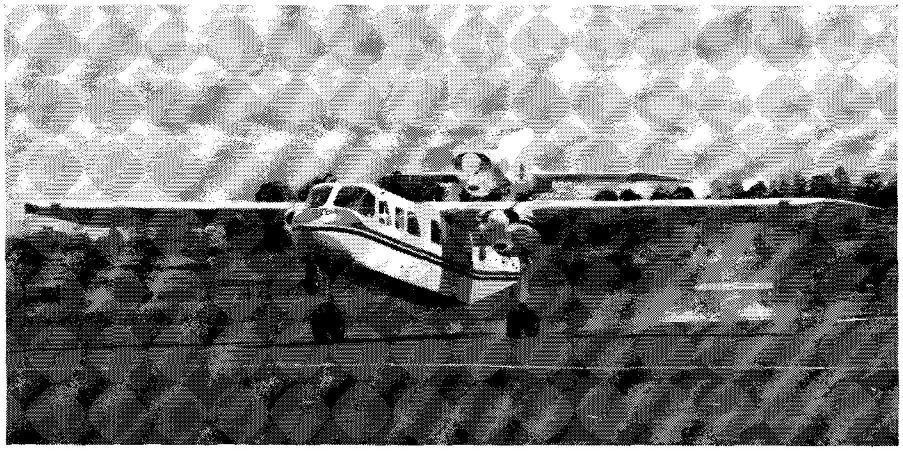

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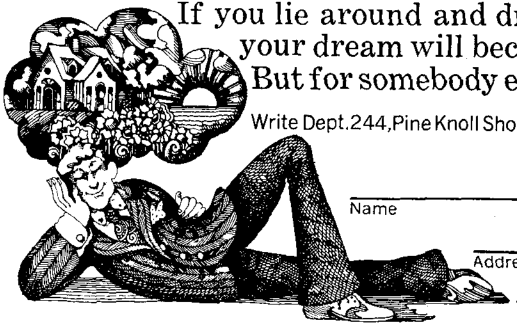

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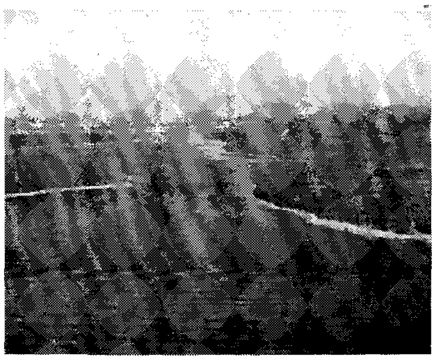

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instead of in the in-law's Roman Catholic place—he misses her and his wife and the wide-boy son-in-law when the three of them give up and move out to a place in far-gone Essex, to an egg-box housing development all of twenty miles from their filthy old street. The row of derelict houses that he loves is being pulled down by the newfangled Government, and the family is being relocated in spite of his prayers. Not that he is a regular churchgoer, but after all, he says, buttering up the Almighty, in the new place there isn't a church for three miles, so it's You they're having a go at, isn't it? He stays put, alone, for quite a while in the emptied old place, with his photographs of the Monarch and Winston on the wall and his chair in the middle of the room (a chair you can be certain he's never allowed anyone else to sit in). Loneliness prevails over long-held obstinacy in the end, and he takes himself off to the New Town in Essex. The finish of the film, involving Her Majesty, her horse, Alf Garnett, and the departed family, is pretty effective, in spite of the unremitting character of the film, which needs breaking up with more changes of mood and fewer beer scenes. It seems very true to the nature of a certain kind of hopelessly rude retort made by the unbeatable aged.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DISCUSSION

In response to a question, the Chairman said he did not see any conflict between Mrs. Patricia Roberts Harris' role as acting Credentials Chairman of the 1972 Democratic National Convention and her position as a Director of the corporation. Another shareholder characterized Mrs. Harris as a woman of great good sense who would not do anything harmful to the best interests of the Chase stockholders. The Chairman said he shared this view.—*Report of the Chase Manhattan Corporation.*

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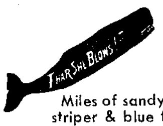
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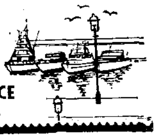

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION
ADMINISTRATION

AUGUST 7, 1972

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I WAS pleased to see *The New Yorker* devote a major portion of its space to noise control on June 17th, in the Profile of Professor Cyril Harris, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. The problem of noise pollution is too often ignored, and it was gratifying to see so much attention paid to it by your publication.

Some of Professor Harris's comments on the proposed New York City Noise Control Code disturbed me, however, and I regret that they were reported uncritically. When Professor Harris describes the draft of the code—or, at least, certain definitions in the draft—as "unbelievably sloppy" and *The New Yorker* lets the remark stand without comment, I'm afraid that the code, as it has been amended, may suffer.

The proposed code is a major step in noise legislation—the result of nearly a year of effort by the E.P.A.'s legal and noise-abatement staffs. During that time, we regularly sought advice both from noise specialists of all kinds and from interested citizens' organizations. When the code was submitted to the City Council a year ago, we again notified all those we thought might be interested and urged them to testify at the public hearings.

The code has always been an open document, and Professor Harris's suggestions were sought at every point along the way. We didn't hear from him, however, until this spring, when he and Professor Albert J. Rosenthal, of the Columbia Law School, sent us a copy of the report by their students which is referred to in Mr. Bliven's article. Because we felt that some of the comments were phrased in such a way as to cast doubt on the code as a whole, and particularly on the section concerning ambient-noise-zone standards, we decided that in addition to meeting with the professors privately we would do well to obtain an independent analysis of the code and their report.

The Environmental Defense Fund (a citizens' organization of conservationists, scientists, and lawyers) agreed

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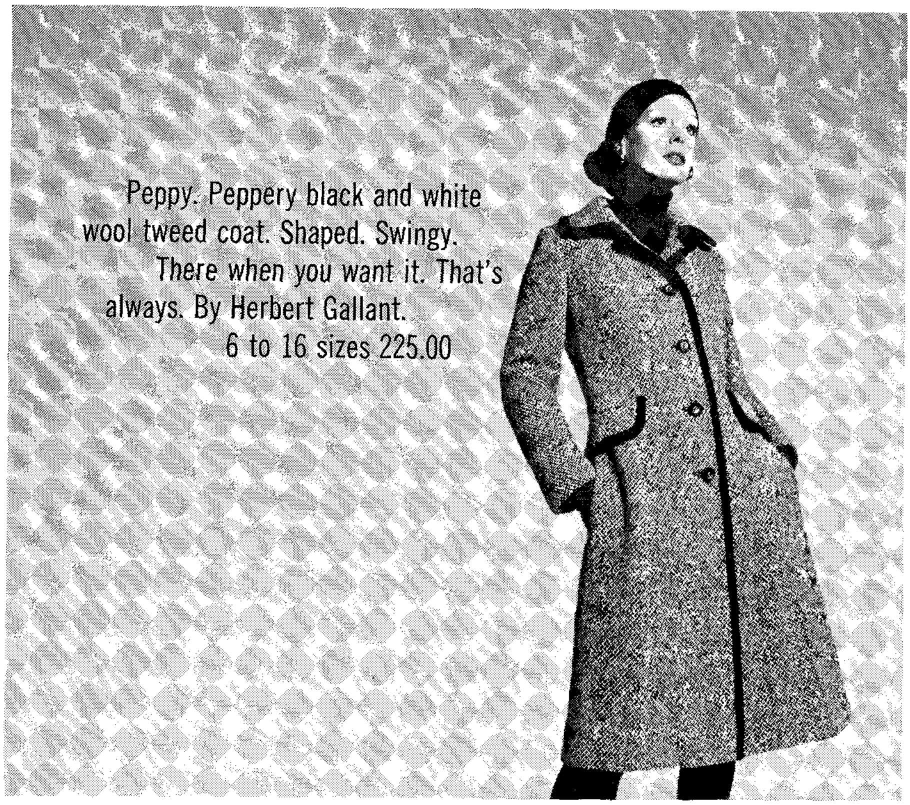
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to do such an analysis, and when we received its report we sent a copy of it to Professor Harris. The E.D.F. report agreed with a number of the professors' comments (so had we, and we subsequently amended the language of the code in a number of places to reflect this), but it took issue with their objection to the ambient-noise-zone concept.

The code was reported out of committee at the end of June and is expected to be voted on by the full Council within the next few weeks. If the Council passes it intact—and we're very hopeful about the possibility that it will—New York City will have the strictest municipal noise regulations in the country. I think it's a law the E.P.A. can be proud of.

Again, thank you for directing attention to noise abatement.

Sincerely,
JEROME KRETCHMER
Administrator

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From the Daily Jeffersonian, S.S. President Jefferson, Voyage 21 East, Alvin O. Lustie, U.S.N.R., Commander. February 17, 1930*]

NEW YORK:

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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 16

THE dock strike ended today, after the dockers' delegates voted, not by an overwhelming majority, to return to work on Monday. The militant pickets who had come along to Smith Square to make trouble if the vote was for ending the stoppage greeted their mates as they came out of the conference in Transport House with furious shouts of "Scab!" and "Sold out!" and will probably decide to carry on strike action unofficially in places. So industrial peace of a sort has been brought off again and will last until the next time, which will be worse, large numbers of deeply anxious British fear. Perhaps because August is the big holiday month, there was no gale force of angry public opinion blowing while the strike was on, as it blew when the striking coal miners snuffed out the electricity-generating stations and plunged Britain into cold and darkness last winter. There was no popular sympathy with the dockers, either—far from it, especially among workers who are not in the same élite top-earning bracket.

If the Government had been finally forced to use troops to move cargoes, the odd feeling of a state of emergency that was not really an emergency would have ended abruptly, of course. As it was, the effects of the strike were practically invisible to the public, as far as food shortages that would have brought it sharply home to everybody's consciousness and dinner plate were concerned. The only people who seemed to know what was happening were the Cornishmen who work in the unique china-clay industry. They marched, together with their bosses, families, and local townsfolk, in the three affected ports in angry protest against the strikers, whose refusal to ship their exports threatened their jobs. Under the surface holiday torpor, however, many people are alarmed and anxious about the future, and they are not feeling much cheered now that the dispute has ended amid the raucous noises of dissent that have lately become so familiar on the English air. They are still recovering from the shaking moment in July when it did seem to many British—dependent just then on their radios for information because the printers had come out in comradely sympathy with the dockers—that everything was beginning to fall apart. The dock strike that was threatened by the men's violent reaction to the jailing of five dockers for contemptuously ignoring the order of the Industrial Relations Court to stop their picketing looked as though it might slide into a general strike. When the five were released—following the sudden, certainly fortunately timed ruling by the House of Lords judges, the highest judiciary in the land, that the trade unions and not their members were culpable—the dock strike came off all the same, to everybody's astonishment. It seemed that the emotional hatred and defiance of the I.R.C. (the freed "martyrs," when they appeared on television, nattily suited, unrepentantly truculent, and glowing with victory, referred to it with unintentional aptness as "the Irk") had got up such a head of steam that nothing could stop it. So the dockers struck, after slapping down a report that recommended new and better answers to their fears—which have been the cause of all the long and complex troubles since May's first tussles with the new Industrial Relations Act—of losing jobs and money through labor-saving modernization of the docks. The co-authors of the report were Mr. Jack Jones, the harassed leader of the dockers' own powerful Transport and General Workers' Union, and Lord Aldington, the chairman of the Port of London Authority. In spite of Mr. Jones' urging his flock to accept what was generally regarded as the best-looking bunch of guarantees they had ever been offered, they voted against it and him. This is essentially the report that they have now accepted; the tiny band of employers who were stubbornly holding out against taking on more registered dock labor than they needed or than their businesses could stand economically finally capitulated, it seems.

Perhaps the most alarming thing that people feel has emerged from the tumult since the Government's Industrial Relations Act became part of the law of England is the brand-new way of looking at the law itself. The British are complacently used to hearing themselves described as the most law-abiding people in the world, and the phrase has been much used lately in the press, perhaps to soothe citizens sitting glumly before their TVs watching the pickets democratically kicking policemen in the teeth in the really vicious recent battles. A majority of the public certainly approved the new act and still thinks that a revised version must finally be made to work. People hoped that it would discipline the strikes and the violence that bedevil the economy, and they believed that it would be tidily obeyed by all parties concerned. They now know they were wrong. The dockers show no signs of recognizing any law at all that does not suit them. In the Commons debate when the crisis was at its height, some very queer things indeed were said by several Labour M.P.s who backed up this view. If a law is downright bad, they argued, honest men have no alternative but to ignore it altogether. Mr. Wilson, backed into a corner by the Prime Minister, was forced to agree that "the law must be obeyed," since the electorate might be listening. He carefully avoided, it was noted, saying un-

Wm Hamilton

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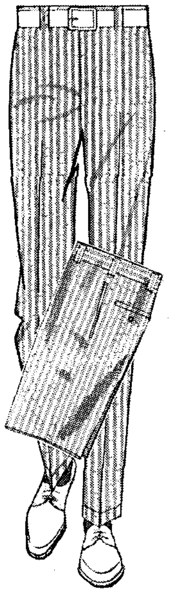

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equivocally that the dockers should obey this one. The idea of a little selective weeding out of the statute book has scandalized and much perturbed many British, with their profound built-in respect for the courts and their suspicion that this precious national characteristic could be quickly damaged with rough handling.

The Government has had its most perilous weeks and its worst buffeting in the two years since it took office. Mr. Heath shows not the slightest sign, it should be added, of the wear and tear of all this. When he was interviewed on the B.B.C. "Panorama" program the other night, he seemed notably relaxed and confident, and his television manner, which used to be an uneasy mixture of the lecture and the breezily nautical, has improved enormously. Even his physical presence, some viewers noted thoughtfully, has changed. His face, now framed in longer silvery hair and sideburns, has become less sharp, as though the tension of the long haul to get his overriding date with history—England's entry into Europe—safely on the calendar had gone out of it. Very many Conservatives who are less passionately wedded to the European idea are not so confident, though, to judge by the discussions going on at the moment. They are worried that their unpopularity will surely increase next year, when joining the E.E.C. will send food prices up and the introduction of the Continental value-added tax will make everything else dearer, too. The rents of some, though not all, council houses are going up under the immensely unpopular "Fair Rents" Act, school meals are going to cost more, and so are fares, after the Government's last award to the railwaymen. Labour voters are convinced, in spite of the increased allowances and pensions for the really needy and the old in recent budgets—mocked by the Opposition in Parliament as microscopic—that all the benefits under Mr. Heath's administration have been aimed at making the well-off classes richer. The astronomical prices of houses and land, and the much publicized fortunes made by property speculators, undoubtedly contribute to the idea. These are some of the issues that are embittering people here more than Mr. Heath's big, divisive policies on the Common Market or industrial relations. Nervous Conservative Party workers up and down the country think that he would be well advised to start making the hard-up, disgruntled sections of the community, who cannot shout as threateningly or fight as well as the dockers, feel that he is listening to

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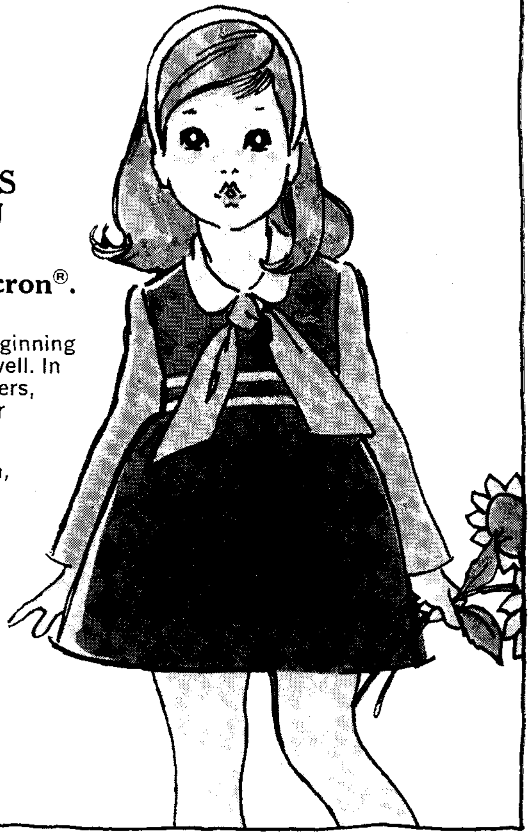
them. What they can do when the time comes, of course, is vote.

OVER a thousand visitors a day are going to see "This Is Whitechapel," an exhibition of remarkable photographs of the district and the people who live there by Ian Berry at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, down in E.1. The history of the gallery is remarkable, too. It was founded in 1880 by a clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Samuel Barnett, who had the idea of starting annual art shows to break the "joyless monotony" of his slum parishioners' lives. Color-blind himself, oddly enough, but robustly convinced that the worst human sin was "missing the best," he insisted that only the finest pictures be shown, and he persuaded owners to lend them. At first, the exhibitions were held in a crumbling, badly lit school, and at once drew huge crowds, who surged in so eagerly over the unsafe floors that only one popular picture could be placed on each wall. Since the war, the present gallery, opened in 1901, has brought art lovers flocking to Whitechapel from all over to see its excellent exhibitions of modern British and American painting and sculpture, but Barnett's original purpose had been mislaid. The locals kept away. For this one, they are coming in droves, to look at themselves and their lives recorded in Ian Berry's superb photographs—just in time, for many of the streets in his pictures have been flattened to make room for the inevitable tower blocks. He has caught the young dancing in their social clubs; the drop-out meth drinkers lying prone among the classic urns in their particular haunt, the graveyard of Nicholas Hawksmoor's masterpiece, Christ Church in Spitalfields; dog-hawkers nursing pups inside their coats in the Club Row market; the elderly members of a Yiddish reading circle; and the wonderful ornate painted front of the Pak-India sweetmeat mart. It is a moving documentary of Whitechapel's extraordinary tolerance in absorbing refugee immigrants and living with them peacefully. In the seventeenth century, the Huguenots came from France, to be followed, two hundred years later, by Jews fleeing from pogroms in Poland and Russia, and today their places in the community have been taken by Pakistanis. It would have done Mr. Barnett's heart good to see the show and the rousing local reception of it. Before he died, he had been made a canon of Westminster, but instead of being buried in the Abbey crypt he asked to be taken home to his old church, St. Jude's, Whitechapel.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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THE RACE TRACK

S. R. O.

TRAVERS DAY at Saratoga has always been the high point of the meeting, and last Saturday a record crowd of thirty thousand people packed the little grandstand and filled the lawn right down to what used to be the dollar field to see the hundred-and-third running of the race, which is for three-year-olds and was named after one of the founders of the track. And the crowd wasn't disappointed, for Paul Mellon's Key to the Mint, the odds-on favorite, gave a sparkling performance. He was crowded slightly as the seven runners came out of the gate, and Braulio Baeza, who rode him, eased him back of the leaders for about half of the mile and a quarter, but when they hit the homestretch Key to the Mint delivered his challenge, and went on to win from Tentam by a length, with True Knight third, half a length behind. Though he took the Whitney Stakes on the first day of the meeting, and before that the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct, Key to the Mint hadn't won any really major races, so he was assigned only 117 pounds. Upper Case, who is a stablemate of Riva Ridge, had won one (the Florida Derby), so he carried 123 pounds—and ran last. Riva Ridge is resting up for the Woodward at Belmont the end of next month, and it goes without saying that that will be the big show if Key to the Mint runs, too.

OVERSEAS last week, an added starter in Britain's battalion of sorrows these days was the defeat of John Hislop's Brigadier Gerard, who was generally accepted as the best horse England has produced in years, in the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup at York. John Galbreath's Kentucky-bred Roberto, winner of the Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs in June, ended the Brigadier's string of fifteen victories with what I'd say was the biggest *bouleversement* since Nijinsky was beaten in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe two years ago. From all accounts, Baeza, who flew over to ride Roberto, sent him into the lead shortly after the start of the mile and five-sixteenths, and was never headed, winning from Brigadier Gerard by three lengths. A 33–1 shot named Gold Rod was third, ten lengths away. Farther down the course were Rheingold, who finished a short head behind Roberto in the Derby, and Bright Beam, the other starter. Another score for Vincent O'Brien, who has handled Roberto since he was a yearling, training him in Ireland. It is my guess that Roberto's next appearance will be in the Arc in Paris in October. Mr. Mellon's Mill Reef might go, too. That would be something to see! Brigadier Gerard, who was odds-on to win the Gold Cup and equal Ribot's record of sixteen straight, began his run three furlongs out, and observers say he put everything he had into his struggle to close the gap. Colonel Martingale, the old sentimentalist, wishes it could have been a dead heat.

BAEZA, almost everybody's favorite jockey hereabouts, had a week to remember. He started it Sunday by finishing second on Grafitti in the Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park. Then he took off for England. By the way, O'Brien gave him no riding orders—a compliment from the little Irishman, who usually issues very strict instructions. Baeza was back in Saratoga on Wednesday to ride Linda's Chief, who finished second to Secretariat in the Sanford Stakes. Key to the Mint made his day on Saturday.

YOU may remember that Assagai Jr. bolted in the Saratoga Special. Well, he didn't in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth Park last weekend, and he beat seven other two-year-olds, who were as moderate a lot as any I can recall running for a purse of $111,340. They ran fast, though; something aptly named Whatabreeze stepped the first quarter mile of the Sapling in 0:21⅗ and the half in 0:44⅗, then wound up next to last. The time for the six furlongs was 1:10⅘.

AFTER looking through the form book, I'd say that the Meadow Stable's Secretariat is the best two-year-old out this season. He's bigger than Riva Ridge was this time last year, and the way he disposed of Linda's Chief, unbeaten in his five previous starts, was impressive—by three lengths in 1:10. It was just the sort of prep for, say, the Hopeful Stakes, which winds up things at the Spa this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

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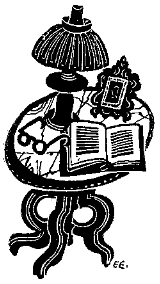
BOOKS

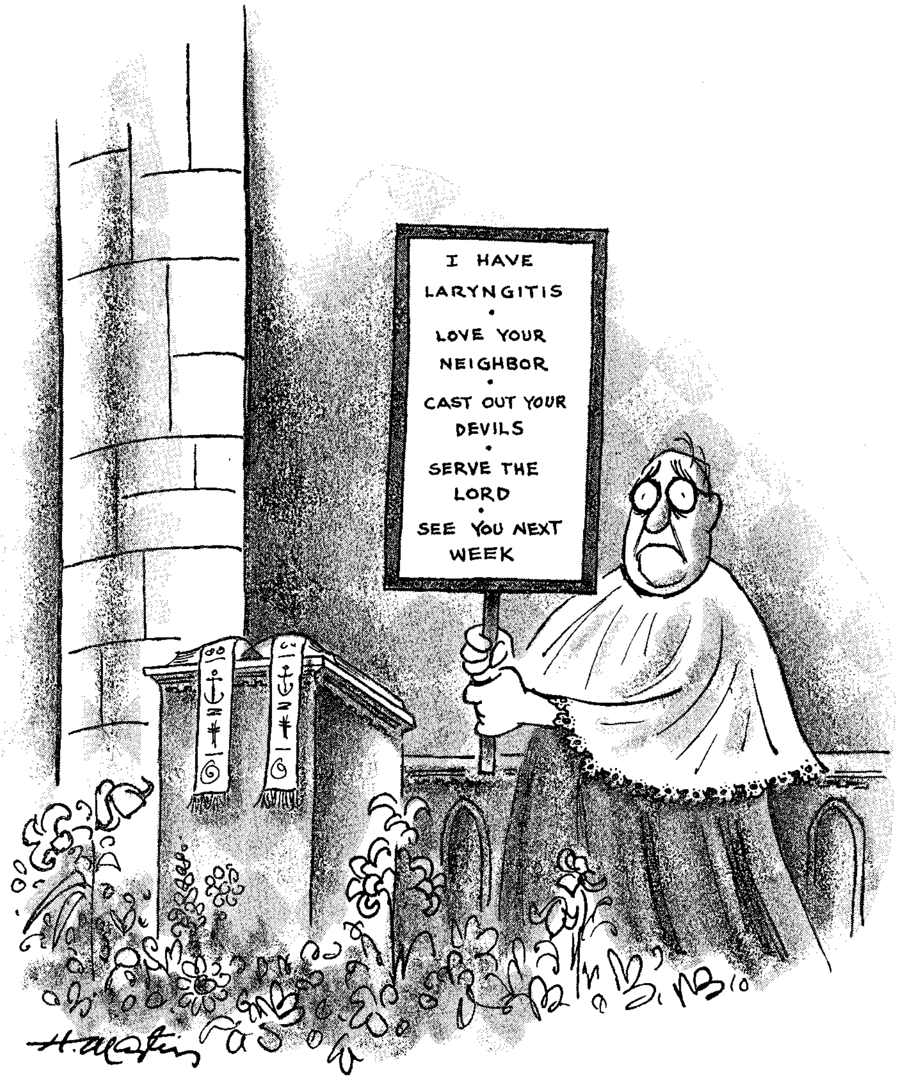
Losers All



ENMITY between public officials and members of the press in this country is almost as old as the Republic. The fight began during President John Adams' Administration with the passage of the Sedition Act, and has burst into the bitterest hostility at times of domestic discord since then. Rarely, though, has the contention been as furious, or important, as the battle between the government and the press over publication of the Pentagon Papers, for underlying that event were a number of problems that are basic and inherent in any democracy—the government's conduct of momentous public affairs, the right of the people to know what that conduct has been, and the preservation of the delicate balance among essential democratic institutions. In "The Papers and the Papers" (Dutton), Sanford J. Ungar, of the Washington *Post*, tells the story from the day Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara ordered a study of the decisions that led to this nation's involvement in, and conduct of, the war in Vietnam to the Supreme Court's order that permitted the press to continue publishing the study. Ungar describes the debates within some newspaper offices on whether the Papers should be divulged, the public and official reactions when they were, and the unique legal contest that ensued. Altogether, it is a dispiriting account, because ultimately every person and every institution concerned failed in some crucial way.

Daniel Ellsberg failed from the beginning to the end. At the outset, he tried, without success, to persuade several members of Congress—chiefly Senators J. William Fulbright, George McGovern, and Mike Gravel—to make use of the Papers, and thereby reveal the trail of lies and folly that ran through this nation's entire involvement in Vietnam. Finally, he could not accomplish what he had been sure these revelations would bring about: an end to the war in Vietnam. Ellsberg's failure, ultimately, was due most of all to his being a victim of the misapprehension that often afflicts anyone who is obsessed by a cause: the belief that the overwhelming truth that converted him will convert others. In Ellsberg's case, that misapprehension was nobly born, for it grew out of his conviction that the decent American people had a national soul as delicate and responsive as the average personal soul among them, and that, sickened by learning what had been done in their name, the people would restore their common soul to health by a common demand for an end to the wanton slaughter. Unfortunately, though, nations don't have souls; instead, they have leaders.

As for the Administration, the dimensions of its failure—if a balanced and democratic government is its goal—were stupefying. The high officials who took the first steps to halt publication of the Pentagon Papers had no idea what was in them. "There wasn't anyone at Justice who had ever heard of these papers, much less seen them," one of these men told Ungar. The day the government demanded that the *Times* cease publishing the Papers, Attorney General John Mitchell asked Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird for a memorandum on what the Papers contained. Ungar reports, "Laird ordered a memorandum—itself promptly classified top secret—explaining what the Papers were, who had contributed to their preparation, and who had received the fifteen copies. . . . But since Laird had trouble locating an expert on the Papers within the Pentagon, the memorandum included only a general assertion of the harm that publication might conceivably do to the national security." Armed with nothing more than this, Robert Mardian, an extreme right-winger who was Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's newly revived Internal Security Division, conferred with Laird's general counsel, J. Fred Buzhardt, an extreme right-winger who had been an aide to Senator Strom Thurmond, and they recommended vigorous and immediate action to halt further publication of the Papers. Several White House advisers advocated the same course. "To blink at such a massive breach of security, it was argued, might weaken the Administration's strong law-and-order record," Ungar writes. He goes on to say that,



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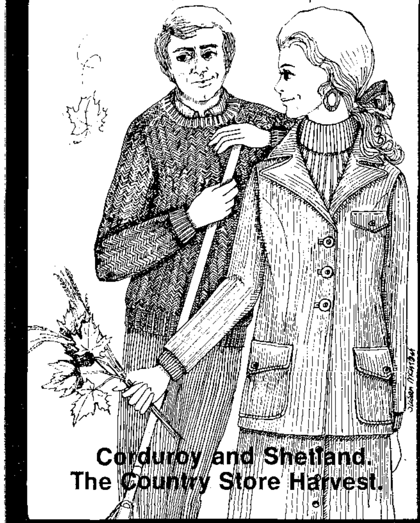

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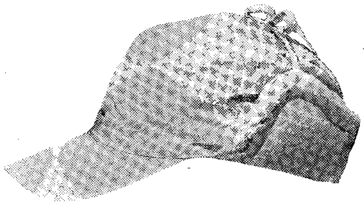

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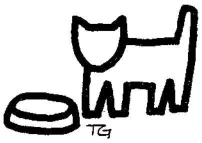
on the other hand, Republican National Chairman Senator Robert Dole, of Kansas, insisted that the government should do nothing, since publication of the Pentagon Papers would embarrass the Democrats greatly and the Republicans scarcely at all—a position that President Nixon took at first, too. Finally, though, Henry Kissinger prevailed. He was then negotiating, through the Pakistani government, with the People's Republic of China for a secret trip there to arrange an invitation to President Nixon for a state visit. "The President was urged to consider the prospect that the Chinese would back out of the arrangements because of an impression that the United States could not be counted upon to negotiate secretly and keep confidences with other nations," Ungar adds. Apparently, the matter of the Constitutional guarantee of a free press, under the First Amendment, did not come up.



Solicitor General Erwin Griswold, former Dean of the Harvard Law School and a Republican holdover from the Johnson Administration, was not invited to participate in the discussions of whether or how the government should proceed against newspapers that published the Papers, even though it would be his job to argue the government's case before the Supreme Court. Griswold did not refuse to handle the case—as his predecessors often had refused cases in which the government wanted to flout the Constitution—and prepared a brief that offered no real evidence that the Papers would do more than embarrass the government. Whitney North Seymour, Jr., United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, carried out the Attorney General's instructions to prepare a brief supporting an injunction against further publication of the *Times'* version of the Pentagon Papers. The only material Seymour possessed that would indicate the damage which might be done by the *Times'* installments was the *Times'* installments; he had no supporting documents of any kind.

When President Nixon took office, he promised that his would be an "open Administration." It has probably been the most closed Administration since John Adams's. A few weeks after the rest of the Pentagon Papers were finally published, without observable ill effect, Mr. Nixon took steps to meet the complaints about overclassification of government documents by asking Congress for two-thirds of a million dollars to "begin an immediate and systematic effort to declassify documents of World War II." Ungar points out that most of those records had been declassified in 1958. He adds, "Far more significant was a lower-key White House directive ordering that access to classified data be significantly narrowed whenever possible." In sum, the Administration's "response was not to make information more freely available but to restrict its availability." There can be little doubt that what William G. Florence, for many years a top security specialist with the Air Force, has called a "classification craze" has been designed to protect the government not against foreign enemies but against its own citizens. During a set of congressional hearings held while the fight over the Pentagon Papers was going on, he testified, "I sincerely believe that . . . at least ninety-nine and one-half per cent of [all] classified documents could not be prejudicial to the defense interests of the nation [if they were published]." Of course, in the view of the perfect "security" officer, secret documents should be kept in a sealed room that *nobody* has access to. The certifiably insane level that the mania for secrecy can reach is described by Ungar in a funny, and frightening, story of how one lawyer for a defendant newspaper who had gone to the Justice Department to examine those parts of the Papers that the government said must not be revealed was prevented from taking any notes on them by a burly F.B.I. agent until the lawyer threatened Mardian that he would take his notes, fight his way out, and, after he had lost both the fight and his notes, appear in court, bandages and all, to tell how he had been beaten up at the Department of Justice. In a similar situation, security agents tried to stop the Solicitor General from delivering his brief on prohibiting publication of the Papers to the Clerk of the Supreme Court ("to them, just another person without clearance"); they were furious when Griswold gave copies of the brief to counsel for the defense ("after the Supreme Court argument . . . agents scurried to reclaim the secret briefs from the tables where the lawyers sat"); and, finally, after Griswold filed a motion before the Court for an *in-camera* argument without notifying the lawyers for the defendants, the Clerk informed them that the motion had been filed and denied but warned that both the filing and the denial were secrets and were not to be divulged to their clients.

The Supreme Court also failed—chiefly by refusing to heed Justices Black, Douglas, Brennan, and Marshall, who argued that the Court should refuse even a hearing on the clear-cut rights guaranteed by the First Amendment and should order that the lower courts' injunctions against the *Times* and the *Post* be lifted at once; if the government wanted to prosecute the newspapers for printing stolen government documents or for violating the espionage laws, that was another case altogether. But a majority of the Court chose to hear the case and then to delay the announcement of its decision, so that each Justice would have time to compose his opinion. The delay had several effects: it weakened the competitive advantage that the *Times* and the *Post* had over newspapers that were not similarly enjoined (one can imagine the outcry from the business community if, say, General Motors were to be legally prevented from showing its new-model cars until after Ford and Chrysler had theirs in the showrooms); it focussed public attention on the Court and the press rather than on the Pentagon Papers; and it postponed the people's learning what they had a right to know about what had happened in Vietnam—merely for the sake of following the Court tradition that Justices' opinions are announced at the same time. During the Court hearings, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, who has made no secret of his dislike for the press, twice asked defense lawyers whether they held that newspapers had a right to keep confidences while the government did not, thereby revealing that he either did not understand or did not accept the obvious purpose of the First Amendment. In the final opinions, Justice Byron White made the shocking statement that while the press had the right to publish the Papers, the government had the right to prosecute it for printing stolen documents, and implied that he would uphold the government if it did; by urging the government to prosecute and then prejudging the case, he ignored the most elementary standards of judicial propriety. Chief Justice Burger took a similar, though less provocatively stated, position. And Justice Harry Blackmun observed, in an opinion that shattered legal decorum and common sense, that if any harm now came to American soldiers in Vietnam, "then the nation's people will know where the responsibility for these sad consequences rests"—as if publishing the truth were culpable, and as if it were in the best interest of the nation to con-

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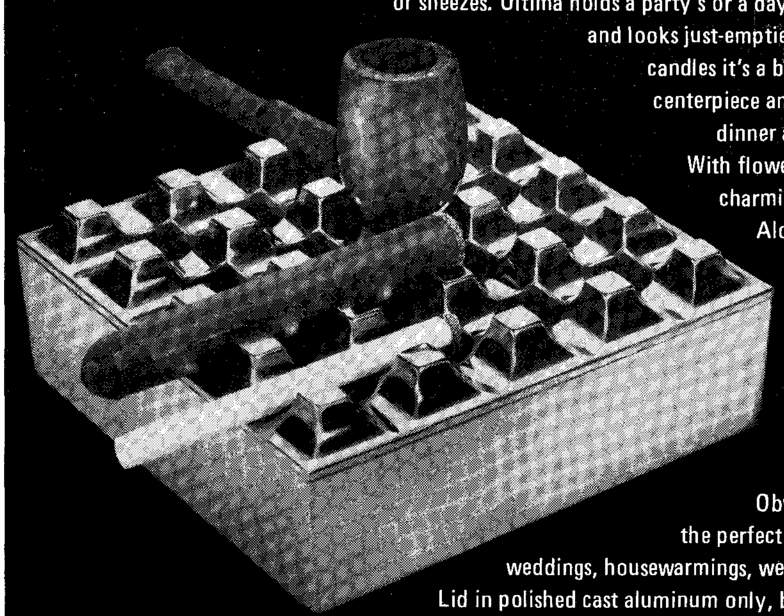

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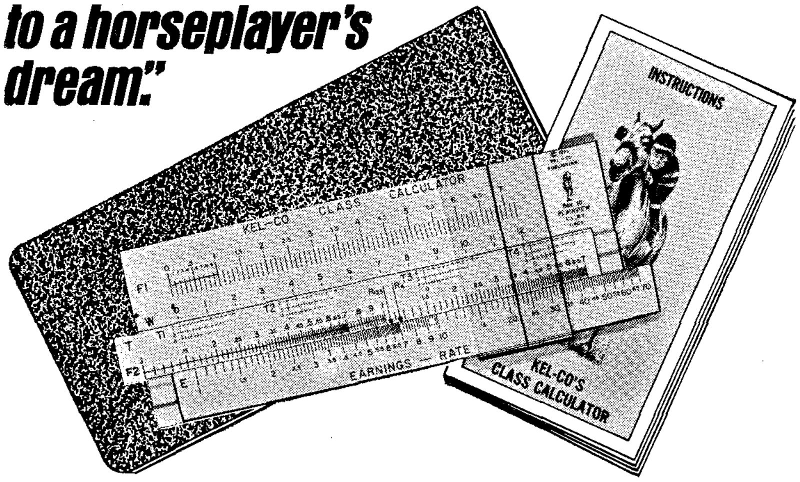

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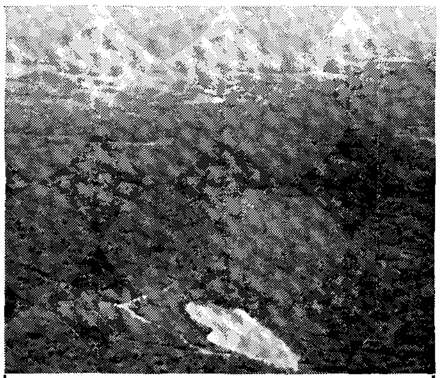

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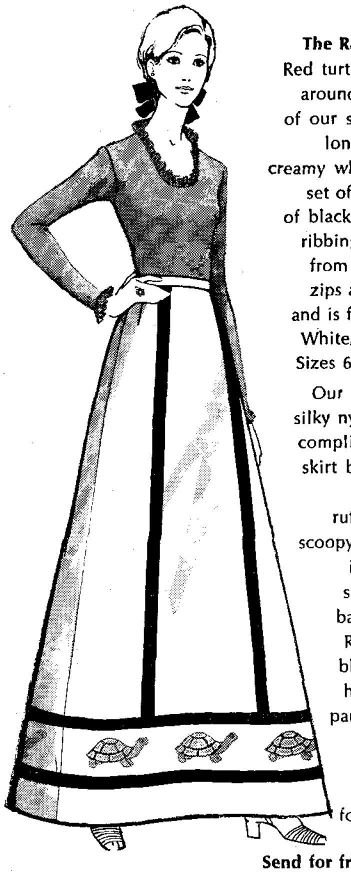

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ceal the guilt of those who had lied so often and misjudged so badly. The Justices' separate opinions effectively nullified the Court's majority decision on behalf of the press. And the majority decision said only that the government had not proved that irreparable harm would be done if the Papers were published. "Prior restraint" of newspaper publication—or preventing publication until the issue at hand is resolved by the courts—had never been attempted before the Pentagon Papers case; the Court's decision implicitly upheld the government's right to such restraint.

Many of the lawyers who were involved in the case failed, too. The large firms that represented the *Times* and the *Post* at the start advised them not to fight the government. The *Times*' Wall Street firm of Lord, Day & Lord, in the person of President Eisenhower's first Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, refused to serve as counsel in this case—less than a day before the newspaper had to appear in federal court—because his firm's advice had not been heeded. (Subsequently, most of the *Times*' legal business was taken away from Lord, Day & Lord.) Alexander Bickel, a professor at Yale Law School, inherited the case on extremely short notice—so short that it would have been absurd had not the *Times* been pressing for an immediate court decision that would allow it to resume publication of the Papers. Bickel's reverence for the Supreme Court would be total—if he were on it. He has been one of the leading intellectual apologists for the Nixon Administration's segregation policies, and he was also the leading legal critic of the Warren Court—facts that might lead to his appointment to the Court when there is another vacancy. In any event, Ungar says that Bickel viewed his job in the Pentagon Papers case rather narrowly—unlike, say, Justice Black, who believed that the rights of the press, under the First Amendment, are absolute. "I think to have argued this case on the basis of an absolute position would have been foolish to the point of being almost unprofessional, so far as safeguarding the interest of my client was concerned," Bickel explained. "If you go into these cases with an ideological interest, like the American Civil Liberties Union, you've got nothing to gain but your ideology and nothing to lose but your ideology." Of course, the Pentagon Papers case was first and last ideological: that the people have the right to be told what *their* government has been doing. Bickel's plea that there was no precedent for a prior restraint—to the utter dismay of the four Justices who saw the case in the absolute ideological terms of the First Amendment—won the *Times* the exceedingly narrow right to complete its publication of the Pentagon Papers. But Bickel's approach may have been a disastrous setback in the larger battle, which is certain to expand as the Nixon-Agnew Administration continues its attempts to stifle the press. The fee for two weeks' work by Bickel and the firm he was associated with, Ungar reports, was in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

One of the greatest failures in the Pentagon Papers affair was the failure of the press itself. In the unending and often lunatic search for scoops, many reporters and most editors frequently forget that they exist not in order to compete with each other but in order to provide news. The *Times* has often ignored major news stories solely because other newspapers had already printed them—thereby depriving hundreds of thousands of readers who rely entirely on the *Times* for news coverage of important events. Or, if the stories are of such significance that they cannot be ignored altogether, the *Times* may place them inside the paper instead of on the front page, where they belong. The news department of the *Times* even objects when the editorial department mentions a story that some other paper has broken. All this, of course, betrays the reader more than it hones the competitive instinct for being there first. If the absurdity of the approach has not been proved to the *Times* by what happened when it began publishing the Pentagon Papers, it never will be. The first installment of the Papers appeared in the issue of Sunday, June 13th, which was on the streets the night before. Max Frankel, head of the paper's Washington bureau, stayed at his office that night to help handle the expected reaction. Nothing happened. On Sunday, Frankel manned his emergency post throughout the day. Again, there was nothing but silence. "We were just flabbergasted," Frankel said later. Ungar goes on:

> Most flabbergasting of all, perhaps, was the fact that the rest of the American press—except the few newspapers that began rewriting the *Times* stories—virtually ignored the Pentagon Papers on Sunday, June 13. Many of the newspaper clients of the New York *Times* news service, who were given an early exclusive start, made little of the story: the

Portland *Oregonian* waited more than a week before running the articles on the Papers; the Chicago *Tribune* did not use them at all and later ran a front-page editorial questioning the disclosure of classified material. United Press International waited until Sunday afternoon to put its first item about the Papers on the wire; although a few hundred words long, the story was not included in UPI's daily "budget" of the most important news. The country's largest news organization, the Associated Press, carried nothing at all until Monday afternoon, and not one of its 4,500 subscribers in the United States (who frequently complain if a baseball score is late on the wire) raised a protest in the meantime. *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines learned of the *Times's* scoop Saturday night just as their editions for the following week were closing, but the editors of both decided against making an expensive last-minute change. NBC featured the Pentagon Papers as the lead item on its Sunday night news, but the other television networks were silent. CBS diplomatic correspondent Marvin Kalb, after seeing the *Times* in Washington on Sunday morning, called his office to urge that something be done on the air about the Papers; the idea was vetoed in New York.

Ungar says that "*Times* officials later conceded that they had probably softened the immediate impact of disclosing the Pentagon Papers by putting a general, unspectacular lead on [Neil] Sheehan's first article." That was a charitable view, even though it suggested that their colleagues could not read (a four-column, two-deck headline on the front page) and could not count (six full pages inside). Less charitable but probably more accurate explanations are that many of their colleagues were merely "competing" by ignoring the story, while others were too stupid to grasp its importance. At the *Post*, stupidity was no problem, but competitiveness certainly was. Instead of conceding that the *Times*, which had spent three months preparing its installments, had an unbeatable lead, and merely reprinting or paraphrasing the stories, which is what the *Post* did for the first couple of days, its top editors went off on a mad scramble to get some parts of the Pentagon Papers for their own. They got several thousand unnumbered and disorganized pages—from Ellsberg, Ungar reveals—and set out to put them in order. Although there were only a couple of days to do the job that had taken the *Times*, with a far larger staff and greater facilities, fifty times as long, the *Post* went ahead. That made it virtually certain that its readers would get a less comprehensive look at the Pentagon Papers than if the paper had continued using the *Times* material. Once again, competition tri-

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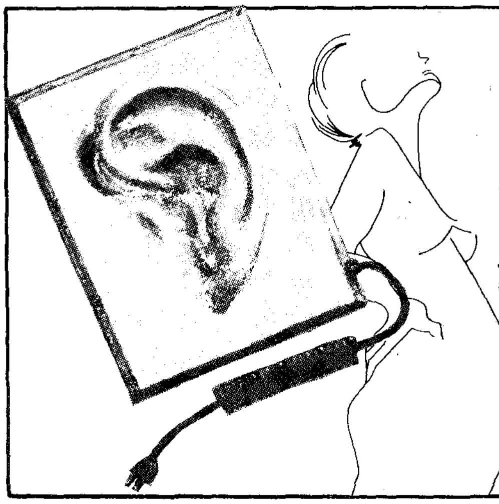

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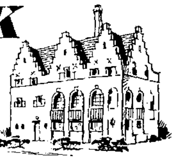

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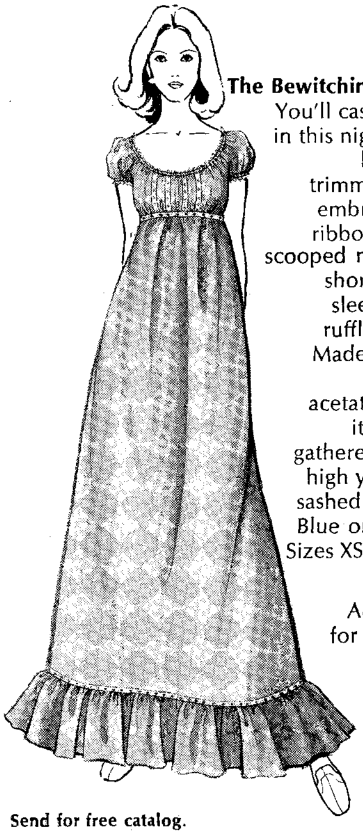

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umphed and the public interest suffered.

The Nixon-Agnew Administration's charge that the press manages the news is inaccurate; more often, the press mismanages the news. Journalists' lack of interest in the Pentagon Papers was deep and lasting. Once public clamor over the Papers commenced, the press had to respond in some way. It responded by concentrating not on what the Papers contained but on how they had been obtained—and turned out mountains of intramural trivia that amounted to little more than "human-interest" feature stories on how various newspapermen had got, or tried to get, parts of the story. That preoccupation sustained many newspapers until the government attempted to suppress the Papers, which almost no one was reading. Now, that was a *real* story—living people in contention, a great issue before the Supreme Court, political intrigue—and it was all going on before our eyes, unlike the story unfolded in the Pentagon Papers, about some of the ugliest and most dishonorable official acts ever committed in the United States. Near the end of "The Papers and the Papers," Ungar observes that it was months before legal scholars and journalists began to realize that the Supreme Court decision in the case "had been a rather hollow victory for the press"—the most astonishing failure of all, if it is true. And he concludes, "What the newspapers did gain was a new knowledge of and faith in the First Amendment as a fundamental principle of freedom that sets the United States apart from other countries." The knowledge and faith were rather late in coming—perhaps too late. By refusing to take a stand on the First Amendment like Justice Black's—that the rights it guarantees are absolute—the press accepted the government's right to impose its own limits.

—RICHARD HARRIS

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I COME AS A THIEF, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). The New York lawyer Tony Lowder is in line for a handsome federal appointment. Descended from an Irish immigrant, he has married into one of the city's oldest and most distinguished families, has two nice children, and seems in fine shape. All he has to do now is serve out a temporary assignment in the office of the regional director of the Securities and Exchange Commission. But the truth is that Tony is a weak char-

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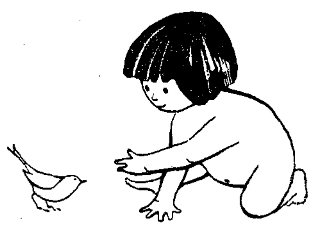

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acter who is secretly deep in debt. He commits an act of graft, and then, for religious reasons, decides to confess all. Mr. Auchincloss demonstrates his knowledge of New York society (perhaps to his credit, his picture of high-finance crime is not so convincing), but he shows rather limited capacity for expressing feelings other than that of social vanity. We can comprehend Tony's impulse toward evil and his conversion to good, but they seem thin and unreal. The intricate family politics that surround Tony's acts are fully worked out, but in a blandly impartial manner. It seems as though Mr. Auchincloss's tact and decorum, which are so helpful in capturing a wide range of personal mannerisms, hold him back from entering very deeply into his characters

GENERAL

UNDER THE GUNS: NEW YORK: 1775-76, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (Harper & Row). The period under observation here is the uncertain twelvemonth that began with Bunker Hill and ended with the finality of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Bliven opens his account on June 25, 1775, with the awkwardly coincident arrival in New York (Pop. 21,863) of the Royal Governor, William Tryon, just returned from leave in England, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, George Washington, on his way from Philadelphia to beleaguered Boston, and he closes it on July 9, 1776, with a mob of New Yorkers in Bowling Green pulling down an equestrian statue of George III to be melted down for musket balls. His book is thus a study of apathy and irresolution firming painfully into determination, a progression from fear and ingratiation (under the guns of a British war fleet that stretched from the Narrows to the Battery) to the defiance of desperation. Mr. Bliven has a fine sense of style and drama, but his book is most conspicuously marked by a refinement of scholarship, a research so thorough that he seems to be not so much recounting from the record as remembering an experience. The result is a work of history—neither "popular" nor "academic" history but solid, full-bodied history that one can read with confidence and pleasure. Illustrated with a fold-up map. Ten dollars.

ATTICA DIARY, by William R. Coons (Stein & Day). The author is a

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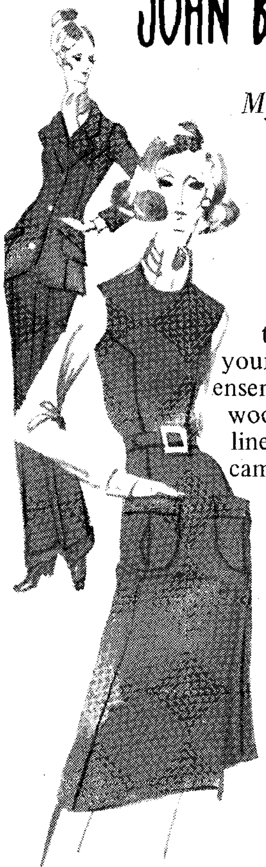

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college teacher of English who was convicted of possessing LSD and who spent a little more than a year—March, 1970, to June, 1971—at the penitentiary that erupted the September after his parole. Mr. Coons was doubtless lucky to have missed that event, which cost so many prisoners' lives, but his diary suggests that he feels that throughout his life—and through no fault of his own—he has been missing celebrity or grandeur or achievement or excitement. His record of his incarceration clearly, and often obscenely, expresses his rage and self-pity, but it does not show, in any way that outsiders can understand, why what happened at Attica did happen at Attica. It may be that a self-absorbed literary drug offender was simply unable to join a group—even the community of despair that created the rebellion—or it may be that Mr. Coons, concerned with his own grievances, has somehow forgotten to tell us what we need to know in order to help.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "A Window on Russia," a collection of Edmund Wilson's essays on Russian literature. Much of the material in the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Sticks," Burton Bernstein's study of economic depression in once prosperous Essex County, New York, has been published by Dodd, Mead. Again, a good portion of the material in the book first appeared in this magazine.

•

The guest artist is a native of Boston but currently lives in Paris where she was decorated as Chevalier des Arts et Lettres in 1962 and as Chevalier de la Legon d'Horreur in 1966.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

She's a native of *Boston*?

•

Asked about AR-180s [automatic rifles], Mr. Agramonte said: "We've sold a few; in the past two, three years maybe a dozen, two dozen."

"Everybody should have one," he added. "It's an important weapon."—*The Times.*

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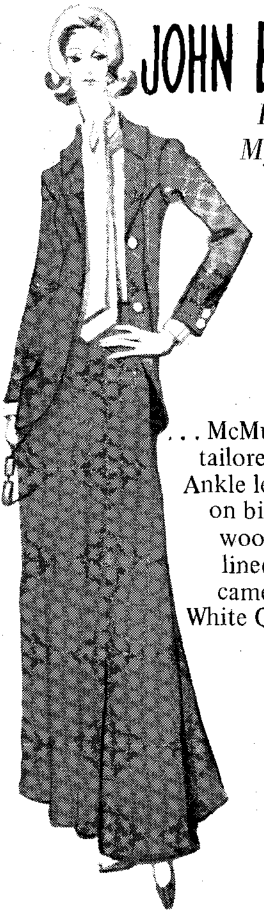
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[*From the Anna Maria (Fla.) Beachcomber*]

About 90 people gathered at the Clubroom Sunday evening to hear Pastor Troy Slade, of the Southwood Nazarene Church, describe as well as he could, what heaven will be like.



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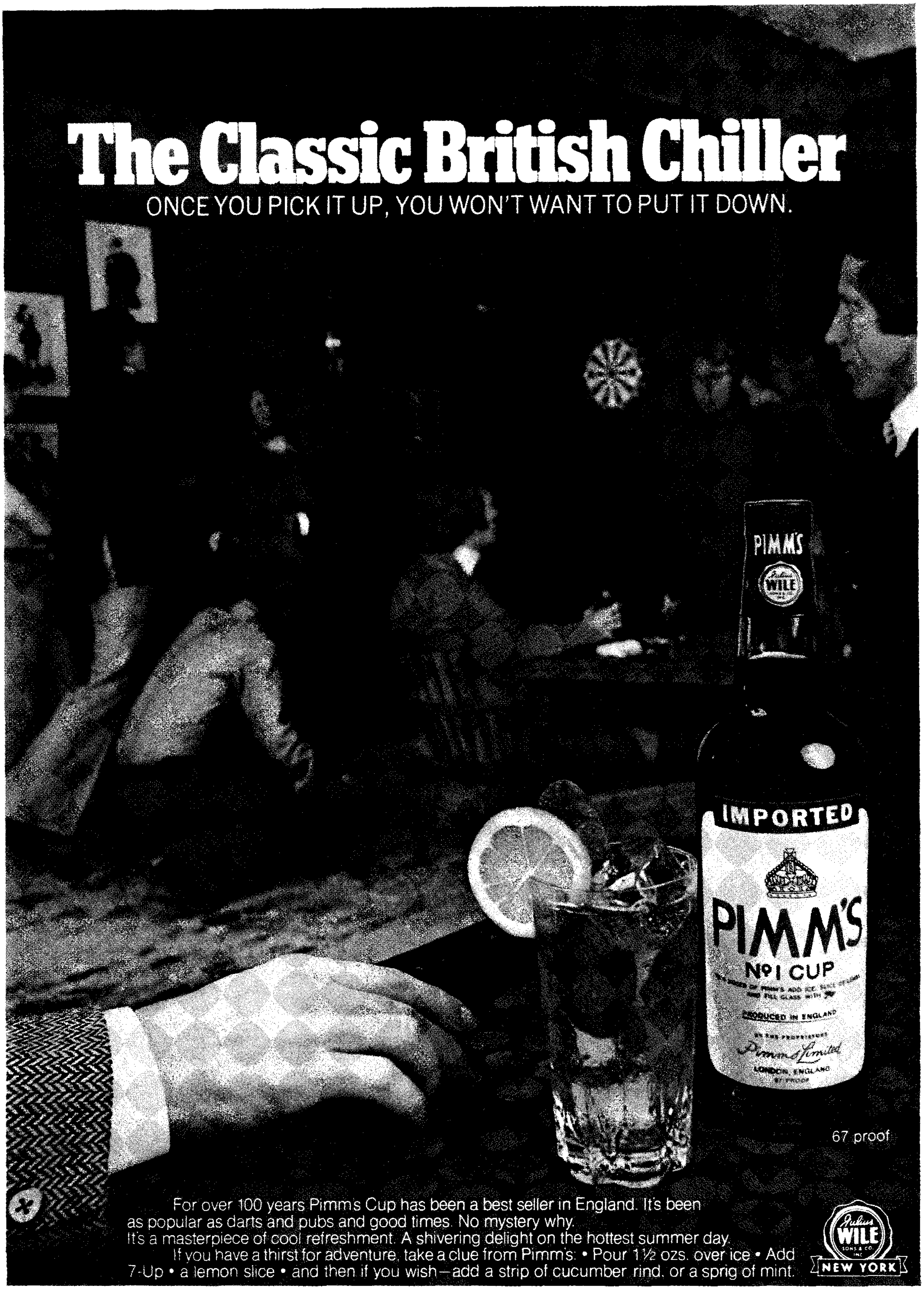

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